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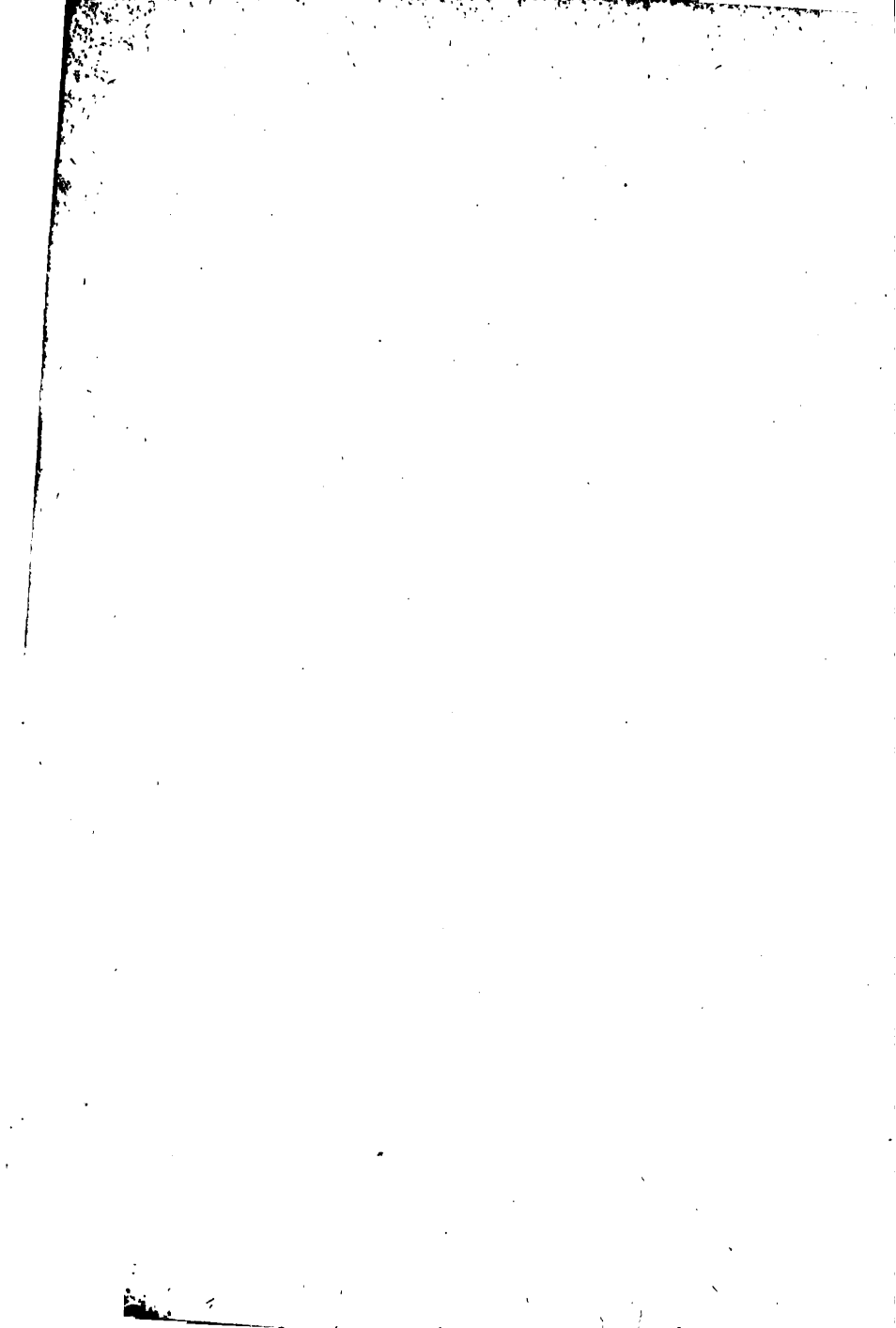
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(Ellice)

CF



PLACE-NAMES
IN
GLENGARRY AND GLENQUOICH

“ Nature and music for the eye and ear,
 Wisdom to teach and sweetness to enchain ;
Oh, who could dream a happy fortnight here
And wish of ought, save parting, to complain ? ”—

R. Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), 1858.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



ALASTAIR RANALDSON MACDONNELL, of Glengarry.
From a drawing by Dennis Dighton on the occasion of the visit
of George IV. to Edinburgh.

PLACE-NAMES
IN
GLENGARRY AND GLENQUOICH
AND THEIR ORIGIN

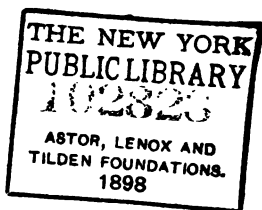
BY
EDWARD C. ELLICE



LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO., LTD.
PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1898

L.A.V.



To

MY FRIENDS IN
GLENGARRY AND GLENQUOICH
THIS SMALL VOLUME IS
DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THIS small book has been written with the wish to preserve the origin of some of the names of the hills and straths of Glengarry and Glenquoich, and with the hope that it may encourage the people of those glens to keep up the old local traditions.

My thanks are due to all those who have so kindly helped me, and especially to Messrs. John MacLennan, Angus M'Donell and Donald M'Donald of Glengarry, to Mr. Angus M'Donell of Glenbuck, and to Mr. James Henderson of Glenquoich; to Mr. James Ross of Merkinch Public School, Inverness, for many interesting notes; to Mr. C. Fraser MacKintosh for the use of his MSS. account of the battle of Blàr na Léine; to my mother, Mrs. Robert Ellice, for the sketches of Macphee and Sir R. Murchison; and to Mrs.

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Ellice of Invergarry for the hitherto unpublished sketches of Glengarry and his henchmen.

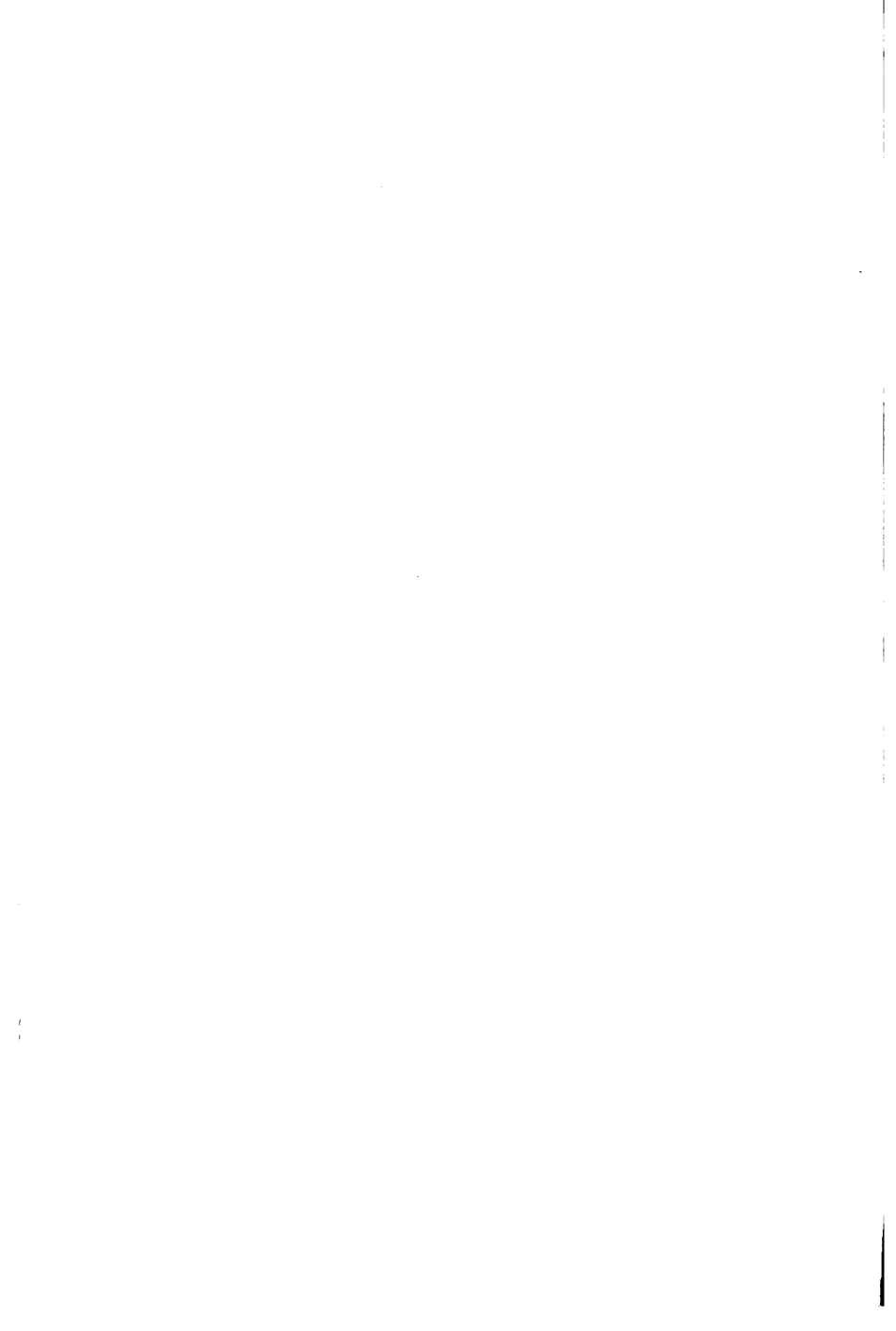
Lastly, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to the Rev. Nigel Macneill, the author of the "Literature of the Highlanders," for so kindly revising my proofs.

EDWARD C. ELLICE.

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PLACE-NAMES OF GLENGARRY

INTRODUCTION.

GLENGARRY is situated in the centre of the Highlands, and Invergarry occupies the central part of the great glen which runs across Scotland from Inverness on the east coast to Fort William on the west.

Few of those, however, who have merely travelled up and down the line of the Caledonian Canal, and have not broken their journey to visit Glengarry, have any idea of the beauties of this most beautiful glen. It may safely be said that the view from the northern shore of Loch Garry on an October morning is unsurpassed in this world, and many who have spent their lives in travelling have, without hesitation, declared that it is difficult to find scenery to equal it.

The climate is much more bracing than that

of the west coast, and, owing to the great width of the glen, nearly seven miles, the rainfall is only about half that of its very wet neighbour Glenquoich. The winter is mild and pleasant, and the frost not nearly so severe as at Inverness; indeed, from its central situation, the district can boast of a wonderfully equable temperature. The mountains, the highest of which lie along the south side of the glen, form the commencement of that great chain of hills which end with the "Rough Bounds" on the west coast, and Ben Tee stands out when we view him from Fort Augustus as the proud sentinel of the army behind. These hills have no great interest for the geologist beyond the familiar signs of the glacial age, the ice marks, and the *montagnes moutonnées*—"mutton-backed mountains"—and rocks worn smooth by those pre-historic glaciers which Sir A. Geikie has so ably described in his book.

The rocks are mainly gneiss and micaschist, but the nearer the approach to the line of the Caledonian Canal, the more varied do the strata appear to be. The explanation is simple. The great glen runs along the line of "fault" which

extends right across Scotland, and especially at Invergarry does this "fault" become interesting. On the north side, at Leek, are masses of granite, changing into diorite, picrite, and schistose rocks as we leave the seat of the disturbance. On the south side the order is entirely changed, chloritic schists, agglomerates, ironstone, and in places, graphite, minerals which have for the last 150 years attracted the notice of those interested in the development of the resources of the Highlands. The different appearance of the surface is even more apparent to the naked eye than is the change in the composition of the rocks. On the north side of the "fault" there is abundance of heather and poor pasture, whereas the splendid grazing on the south side runs from hill-top to loch-side.

If not interesting to the geologist, the glen, in the spring and summer, is indeed a paradise to the ornithologist. No less than eighty or ninety different kinds of birds breed here, and these include a variety not often found in such a small compass. The crossbill from the north, and the swift and house-martin from the south, the golden eagle and the peregrine falcon from

the hill, and the red shank and dunlin from the plain, the tiny chiff-chaff and fire-crested wren, and the splendid wild turkey from America (introduced)—these, and the numerous birds which are common to the Highlands, may all be found breeding in Glengarry within the range of a few miles. Besides the breeders there are occasional visits from such rare strangers as the wild swan and the skua, and in the autumn wild geese invariably pass down the canal, the heralds of approaching winter.

The flora of the glen, owing to the absence of lime, is not so diffuse as it would otherwise be ; but the gardens of Glengarry have been noted for their beauty from the earliest times, and the cottagers are to this day as proud of them, as they were in the old days when a busy population enlivened the shores of Loch Garry.

It is not, however, the beauties of Nature which have made this part of Inverness-shire famous. The history of Glengarry, when pieced together, is so full of raids and fights, "wars and rumours of wars," that one is almost tempted to believe that peaceful occupa-

tions were unknown. From 1307, the earliest date in which mention is made of Glengarech as being granted by King Robert the Bruce to his nephew Thomas Ranulph, until the '45, there was certainly no more turbulent glen in the Highlands than Glengarry. Led by a succession of brilliant chiefs, the Macdonells of Glengarry were in the forefront of every movement in the Highlands which savoured of enterprise or adventure. At one time fighting against the Crown, at another zealous in the defence of the Royalist cause, now leading a raid into a neighbour's territory, now defending their own, nothing seems to have come amiss to these hardy warriors ; and when, after the disastrous '45, peace was forced on them, we find the chiefs gradually sinking under the heavy expenditure which necessarily followed the restoration of their impoverished estates, until at last, crippled for want of funds, and destitute of men, they were compelled to part with their ancestral home.

But, in spite of these constant turmoils, there were times of rest. For many years Glengarry was the headquarters of the Roman Catholics of the north. In 1650 we find Irish priests

coming from Spain to minister to the people, schools established in 1670—the very first Roman Catholic school in the Highlands—and, from that time on to the '45, the glen was never without a pastor. These priests, however, can hardly be said to have had a peaceful time. While the castle was in the hands of the Macdonells, no doubt, all went well with them; but when the Government troops were quartered there they were liable to capture and imprisonment, and more than one is recorded to have died in the dungeons of the old ruin.

Since the '45, owing to natural causes, the Protestants have increased more rapidly than the Catholics, and the former are now probably in a majority; but the two sects, it is needless to say, live together in perfect harmony, as indeed they appear always to have done, except when the disturbing influence of a company of soldiers at the castle made itself felt.

The last great chief, whose portrait is given on the title page, was Alastair Macdonell of Glengarry. A man of splendid physique and great accomplishments, he was also the last chief who attempted to keep up the ancient

style of living. When George IV. came to Edinburgh, he waited on his king "with his whole band of retainers—his tail"; and it was during this visit that the pencil sketches which are reproduced in the following pages were drawn. He was undoubtedly a man of great courage, and his hot temper more than once placed him in awkward situations; but though wild and extravagant in his nature, he was adored by all those of his clan with whom he came in personal contact, nor had his friends or those dependant on him ever cause to complain of his want of generosity or kindness. After his death in 1828, the trustees of his son found that the estate was hopelessly insolvent, and in 1838 were forced to sell the Glenquoich portion. A ready purchaser was found in the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, and shortly afterwards the Invergarry portion was sold to the Marquis of Huntly, who, in his turn, parted with it in 1842 to Lord Ward.

The people of Glengarry were at this time (1841), from all accounts, in a most wretched condition; so much so, that in a report by Lord Huntly's factor, he states that, out of a population of only 315, thirty-five families, or

122 individuals, were quite destitute. In 1860 Mr. Edward Ellice bought the Glengarry portion, and since this time the population and prosperity of the district have steadily increased.

The history of the glen, however, does not come within the scope of this small book, and beyond the events which have reference to the various place-names, it has not been attempted to go.

For the benefit of the reader the following short list of chiefs of the Macdonells is here given. They are all alluded to in the stories which follow as "Glengarry."

CHIEFS OF GLENGARRY.

	1. Reginald or Ranald	about	1400-1419
His son.	2. Donald MacRanald	„	1419-1450
His son.	3. John Macdonald	„	1450-1470
His son.	4. Alastair Macdonald	„	1470-1500
His son.	5. John Macdonald	„	1500-1515
His son.	6. Alexander Macdonald	„	1515-1545
	(Alastair MacEan Mhic Alastair.)		
His son.	7. Æneas Macdonald	„	1545-1574
His son.	8. Donald Macdonald	„	1574-1645
	(Domhnall Mac Aonghais Mhic Alastair.)		
His grandson.	9. Æneas Macdonell	about	1645-1682
	(Lord Macdonell and Aros.)		

His first cousin.	10. Ranald Macdonell	about	1682-1695
His son.	11. Alastair Dubh Macdonell,,		1695-1724
His son.	12. John Macdonell	,,	1724-1758
His son.	13. Alastair Macdonell	,,	1758-1761
His nephew.	14. Duncan Macdonell	,,	1761-1792
His son.	15. Alastair Ranaldson Macdonell	,,	1792-1828
His son.	16. Æneas Ranaldson Macdonell	,,	1828-1840

(The above dates are only approximate.)

I.

IN studying the topography of any Highland district, it is as well to get some idea of the more common Gaelic terms which are used to denote the various features of the country around. Certain names are constantly recurring, and it needs but a slight acquaintance with Gaelic to dissipate the apparent difficulties attendant on the study of these place-names.

The names used to denote "hills" are :— Ben, Torr, Tom, Sgurr, Meall, Cnoc, Creag, and Carn.

Ben (*G. Beinn*) is almost always applied to a high mountain standing by itself, as is also Carn, the latter when the hill is in addition studded with stones and rocks.

Meall is a large rounded hill, and Torr a small and pointed one.

Cnoc and Tom are both used to denote knolls or hillocks.

Scoor (*G. Sgurr*) is a large steep rock or precipice.

The common names for the "plain" are :—Acha, Dal, Mona or Mun, Lòn, Blar, Reidh.

Ach and Auch (*G. Achadh*)—a field which is, or has been, cultivated.

Blar—a green grassy field, in late years often applied to a battlefield.

Reidh—a "flat" piece of land.

Mon, Mona, or Mun (*G. Monadh*)—a moor, generally heathland.

Lòn—a marsh.

Dal—a portion of land belonging to some particular owner, often one of the minor septs of a clan.

Hillsides or slopes are denoted by the words Leac, Leitir, and Bac.

Leac, Leacan, Leek (*G. Leac*)—a flagstone, also a tombstone, used for a hillside with a number of perpendicular rock faces.

Leitir (*G. Leth tir*)—half-land, *i.e.*, hillside (half the land cut away).

Bac—a shoulder, or ridge, on the side of a hill.

The names for valleys and hollows are :—Corrie, Laggan, Glac, Glen, and Balloch.

Corrie (*G. Coire*)—"kettle," used for a big circular hollow in the side of a hill.

Glac—"the hollow of the land," any small hollow, usually a wooded one.

Laggan—a low-lying valley.

Balloch (*G. Bealach*)—a pass between two hills.

Lastly, the wood names are :—Coille for a big wood, and Doire for a small grove or clump of trees.

The district, on which the following notes are made, has for reference been divided into four portions :—A southern portion, the Glengarry district ; an eastern portion, the Aberchalder district ; a northern portion, the Ardochy district ; a western portion, the Glenquoich district.

THE GLENGARRY DISTRICT.

MOUNTAINS.

BEALLACH CARN NA H-URCHAIRE. 2,259 feet. The balloch or pass of the cairn; "urchaire" —of the shot.

BEINN BHREACHD — The spotted hill. A small hill on the low ground of Ben Tee, so called from the rocks which are dotted about on it, and give it a "speckled" appearance.

BEINN TEE. 2,956 feet. In old maps and books this name is spelt "Sith" and "Shee," and is no doubt the same word as "Sithe" —fairies. The hill of the fairies. The top of this hill is known as Glengarry's Bowling Green. There is scarcely a square yard of green of any sort, and the steep and rocky sides would not conduce much to a game of bowls, but by some it is supposed, that the fairies who haunt the Ben, were wont to join in the game, hoisting the balls over the rough

rocks, and racing down the hillside after those that had gone astray.

In latter days the name has been applied to the beautiful and smooth green on the top of Corrie Glas, but in most of the old maps Glengarry's Bowling Green is marked on the summit of Ben Tee.

A second derivation is sometimes given, "Tigh"—a house; from the resemblance of the hill to the roof of a house.

¹ It was generally believed in the glen in old days that the stones used in building the castle were collected from the brow of Ben Tee, some six or seven miles distant, and handed from one individual to another until laid at the disposal of the masons.

CALF'S HOLLOW, THE. *G.—Bac nan Laogh.* 1,300 feet. A small hollow on the side of Ben Tee.

BERRY HILL, THE. This is sometimes written "The Bury Hill" from a mistaken notion that it has something to do with the burying-ground at Kilfinnan which lies at its foot. The Gaelic name, however, gives the correct meaning, "Meall nan Dearcag"—the

¹ *Inverness Advertiser*, old files.

hill of the berries, so called from the quantities of crowberries and bilberries which grow on it.

BLACK CAIRN, THE. *G.—Càrn Dubh.* From the black rocks and heather with which it is covered, and in opposition to its neighbour the White Cairn. 2,636 feet.

CORRIE GLAS. *G.—Meall a' choir Ghlais.* 3,066 feet. The hill of the grey corrie: from the summit of which one of the finest views in the glen is obtained. The monument on the top of the hill is a favourite place for luncheon with stalkers, and it was probably here that Alastair Dubh (Black Sandy), a famous Glengarry stalker, and a certain noble lord, were one day sitting and admiring the scenery. Sandy, who had not much English, was anxious to impress his visitor with the extent of Glengarry's property, and suddenly addressed him as follows: "All that you see,"—then struggling for suitable words and waving his arms in the air, he panted out—"and all that you do not see, that's Glengarry's!"

✓ CORRIE NA SAOVIE. *G.—Meall Coire na Saobhaidh.* 2,695 feet. The hill of the corrie, "Saobhaidh"—of the fox's litter. This corrie is rarely without a fox, and great numbers are

killed in the neighbourhood every year. Their dens are surrounded by bones and remains of every kind of animal, including even lambs from Clunes Farm many miles away.

DRUIM AN DARAICH—The ridge of the oak tree.

GLASVEN. *G.—Glas Bheinn.* 1,825 feet. ✓
The grey mountain. A round hill at the west end of Glengarry.

MEALL NA H-EILDE. 2,720 feet. The hill of the hinds (*eilid*). Still a favourite one with the hinds, where they get capital feeding, and good shelter from the westerly gales.

MEALL NAN REITHEACHAN—The hill of the rams (*Reitheachan*), west of Craiglea. In old days the crofters at Invergarry herded their rams here.

MEALL NAN RUADHAG—The hill of the young roes.

MEALLAN ODHAR. 1,100 feet. The dun-coloured hill.

MULLANTAGART. *G.—Meall an Tagraidh.* ✓
2,320 feet. "Meall"—the hill, "Tagraidh"—of claiming, *i.e.* the disputed hill. This hill, which lies on the march between Glengarry and Loch Arkaig, was at one time claimed by

Lochiel. The water-shed is ill-defined, as from the north side, a small stream which might well be taken for the march burn, flows round the base of the hill, and eventually finds its way into Loch Arkaig. The claim was resisted by Glengarry, who went to law over the dispute, and the action was decided in his favour. Prince Charlie, in his wanderings after Culloden, passed two or three nights on this mountain, from August 23rd to 26th, 1746. Cameron in his account says that the Prince and his party "resolved that night to go to the top of Mullantagart, a high mountain in the Braes of Glen Kengie." Cluns (Cameron of Clunes) was sent out to see what the enemy, who were near at hand, were about; and "in the evening, Cluns's son went to his father from the Prince, and then they all returned, and carried some whiskey, bread, and cheese, and got to the Prince about twelve o'clock at night. He was on the side of the mountain without fire or any covering. They persuaded him to take a dram, and made a fire; which, however, they durst not keep above half an hour before they extinguished it. By daylight they went up to the top of the mountain, where they staid till eight o'clock in

the evening without rising up. The Prince slept all the forenoon in his plaid and wet stockings, though it hailed."¹

MEALL AN TARSUINN. 2,063 feet. The hill, "Tarsuinn" across, *i.e.*, lying "crosswise" to the general range of hills.

SCUR-NA-CHÒNICH. *G.—Sgurr Choinich.* 2,450 feet. "Coinneach" moss—the sharp rock of moss.

TEANGAN UIRE (as marked on the ordnance map), on the east slope of Scur-na-chònich. This is another corruption from the old Gaelic, "Teanga gun urradh"—the tongue without a person, *i.e.*, an owner. Here again in old days was a disputed march between Glengarry and Lochiel.

STAG WOOD HILL, THE. *G.—Meall Doire an Daimh.* 1,887 feet. The hill of the grove of the stag.

LOCHS.

LOCH LOCHY.—The derivation of this name seems rather obscure. Adamnan, in the year 700, has it "Lochdiæ," also "Nigra Dea."

¹ "Journal of the Miraculous Escape of the Young Chevalier."

The word is evidently half Gaelic and half Latin, and was probably first used in the time of St. Columba, who travelled once or twice up and down the loch on his way to Inverness. "Nigra Dea" means "the black goddess," hence Lochdiæ or Deæ—the loch of the black goddess, which, owing to its great depth and the steepness of the mountains on either side, is always of a very dark colour. The surface was raised 12 feet when the Caledonian Canal was made, and the navvies who were employed at Laggan grew potatoes and cabbages, and fed their milch cows on the ground which is now under water at the east end of the loch.

LOCHAN NA CURRA—The little loch of the herons.

DINNER LOCH, THE. *G.*—*Lochan Diota* or *Lochan na Diota*. The loch of dinner or the meal. This little loch, which lies at the foot of Ben Tee, on the old road from Loch Garry to Kilfinnan, gets its name, like so many other places in the district, from an incident which happened at the time of the battle of Blàr na Léine (*see* p. 60). When the Macdonells were coming across from Loch Garry side to

intercept the Frasers, they halted at Lochan na Diota and had their midday meal there. Tradition says that every man put a stick into the ground, so that on their return from the battle, they should be able to number the missing (*see* also p. 112).

There is another anecdote connected with this same old road :

A funeral party one day left Greenfield early in the morning on their way from Loch Garry to Kilfinnan. In those days the coffin had to be "shouldered" the whole way, some seven or eight miles, across the hill, and every able-bodied man of the village made a point of attending, so as to be able to take his share of the burden. All went well on the way out ; the body was safely deposited in the graveyard at Kilfinnan, the funeral service performed, and the party started on their long tramp home. They had not gone very far, however, before they stopped, as was the custom, at the old resting-place, a few hundred yards to the north of Lochan Diota. After a good meal and a drink of whiskey, some of the men became quarrelsome, a fight ensued, one of the mourners was killed, and there was nothing to be done

but to take this second corpse back to Laddie. As they neared the township, they saw an old woman, the grandmother of the lad who was killed in the fight, standing at her cottage door, awaiting his return. Sorrowfully they told her of the events of the day, but far from expressing any regret, she cried out, "My blessing on the Glengarry men who will take one corpse out and bring another one home."

LOCHAN AN FHUDAIR—The loch of powder, probably from the dark grey colour of its waters.

PIKE'S LOCH, THE. *G.*—*Lochan a' Gheadais* (*geadas*). Loch Oich abounds with pike, in spite of many attempts to get rid of them, and now and then they get far up the River Garry, causing great destruction among the salmon parr and young trout.

LOCHAN AN STAIC (STAC)—The little loch of the precipice.

RIVERS.

ALLT ALLAN—Allan's burn, on the Greenfield ground, so called from one Allan MacDonald of Greenfield, who was drowned while crossing this burn about 1840. The burn was

in heavy flood, and the body was carried down by the force of the water as far as Garrygoulach.

ALLT NAN ATHA—The burn of the kiln. "Atha" means literally a kiln used for drying grain.

ALLT A' BHODAICH—The burn; "Bodach"—of the churlish old man. (*See* p. 48, *Tom a' Bhodaich.*)

ALLT NA CAILLICH—The burn of the old woman. This burn takes its name from an old woman who "went wrong in her mind." The old lady lived at Mandally, and was, according to all accounts, well cared for and looked after by the people of the glen, yet, in spite of their kindness, she was for ever trying to get away to the hill. One day, when everyone was busy at the hay, she managed to escape from the people who were housing her. These did not know where she had got to, and, after searching the whole countryside without success, came to the conclusion that she must have drowned herself in the river. Not long after, some herdsmen, who were out on the hill, saw her gathering berries on Ben Tee, and came home and told her people. Once more they scoured the hillside for her,

but without even getting a glimpse of the poor woman, and again gave up the search. However, at the beginning of winter, the same shepherds, while herding their cattle and goats, caught sight of the old woman creeping into Allt na Caillich wood. This time a large number of men and women turned out to search for her, and at last secured her in an out-of-the-way corner, by the side of the burn which runs through the wood; she was going along "on her hands and feet like a beast," and appeared to have had nothing for her food but the berries and roots that grew in the forest. In old days there were no poor-houses or lunatic asylums, and the only way in which these poor half-witted people were kept alive was by going from "house to house," which meant, in the case of this old woman, that one crofter would keep her for a week, and then send her on to his neighbour, who would look after her for another week, and so on. A certain tailor was living at this time in Mandally, the site of his house is still pointed out, and was "taking his week" of the old woman. He had two sons, one of them very kind to her; but the other, always laughing at

her, and imitating the way she used to walk when they found her in the wood. However, she appeared to take no notice of all this, and at the end of the week was "passed on" in due course to a neighbour who lived in a cottage just above the tailor's. Far from forgetting her insults, the old Cailleach was only waiting for an opportunity of revenge. One dark winter night, when the tailor and all his household were asleep—the two sons at one end of the bothy and the rest of the family at the other—the father was suddenly awakened by the creaking of the door into his sons' room. Rising hurriedly, he felt his way along the wall until he came to their room, and, as he walked in, he found that the floor was "wet to his feet." Thinking that the snow must be melting through the roof, he called out to wake his sons. The younger alone answered, and asked what was wrong, and why the bed was so wet; the father said the floor was wet, too, but he would go out and get a light. When he returned, a shocking sight met his eyes—lying side by side in bed were the two lads, one alive, but the other dead, and from the bed-clothes oozed a stream of blood on to the floor,

showing only too plainly what had happened. Mad with passion, the youth leapt out of bed, and, with his shirt red with his brother's blood, rushed from the house vowing vengeance on the murderer. With the fresh snow on the ground, he had little difficulty in following the track, and came up with the old hag just as she was entering the neighbour's cottage. Seizing her by the throat, the boy would soon have put an end to her, had not his father and some of the people of the house come up and held the lad off, until the old lady was safely away.

✓ ALLT NA CRICHE—The burn of the march, *i.e.*, the march between Easter and Wester Mandally.

ALLT NAN CORP—The burn of the corpses. In old days, funerals on their way from Lochaber to the burial-ground at Greenfield, went by a path, which follows this burnside for some distance, and rested at the point where the path crosses the burn. Here were built the usual cairns and piles of stones, and many of them are still standing. The old Gaelic proverb is by no means forgotten in Glengarry : “ Am fear nach meudaich an carn,

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as tradition as to the origin of the name, which,
however, speaks for itself.

LADDIE BURN. *G.*—*Allt Ladaidh* (Lad).
The burn of the mill lead. Laddie burn is
one of the most beautiful burns in Glengarry,
and in former times a large number of people
lived on its banks, where numerous green

patches mark the site of the former settlement. There were several mills here, and more than one "mill lead" is still to be seen, also the old millstones which lie in the burn. Probably one of the last mills in work was a sawmill, used to cut up the splendid old fir-trees which grew in the surrounding woods.

PLACE-NAMES.

✓ ARDRISHAIG—"Ard," the height; "drishaig," of little brambles. The brambly height. Brambles grow all along the shore here, and, from their sunny situation, ripen their fruit well.

✓ BADANTOIG — A small clump of trees, opposite Tomdoun, in the west end of Glengarry. *G.—Bad an-t-seobhaig.* "Bad," the grove or clump of trees; "seobhaig," of the hawk. Badentoik was a very considerable settlement at one time, and the name is constantly cropping up in old deeds, spelt in every conceivable way, from "Badintawag," in 1512, to "Batten-teog," in 1785. There is not one house left now; but the clump of trees and the hawks are still there.

In old days there must have been a very large number of birds of prey in Glengarry, as appears from the following list¹ of vermin trapped in the glen between 1837 and 1840.

11 Foxes.	63 Goshawks.
198 Wild cats.	285 Common buzzards.
246 Martin cats.	371 Rough-legged buzzards.
106 Pole cats.	3 Honey buzzards.
301 Stoats and weasels.	462 Kestrels.
67 Badgers.	78 Merlin hawks.
48 Otters.	63 Hen harriers.
78 House cats (going wild).	6 Jer falcons.
27 White-tailed sea eagles.	9 Ash-coloured hawks or long-tailed blue hawks.
15 Golden eagles.	1431 Hooded crows.
18 Ospreys.	475 Ravens.
98 Blue hawks.	35 Horned owls.
7 Orange-legged falcons.	71 Fern owls.
11 Hobby hawks.	3 Golden owls.
275 Kites or salmon-tailed glebes.	8 Magpies.
5 Marsh harriers.	

Many of the birds and beasts quoted in the above list are now almost extinct, and the only ones which appear to have increased are the foxes, stoats and weasels, house cats and hooded crows.

BOLIN — The cow (*lian*) meadow. Here, ✓

¹ Gazetteer of Scotland.

again, was a considerable homestead, and perhaps the best grazing along the Loch Garry side.

BRAIGH UAINE — The green brae above Greenfield, so called from the number of dark green fir trees in this spot.

CNOCAN NAN OSNA—The hill of sighing.
(*See* p. 44.)

CLAON LEITIR—The inclined hillside.

COILLE NAN SALACH — Either the wood of "Salaich," dirtying, polluting; or "Saileach," the Kintail men. The wood is a wet and boggy place to walk through, and I have not been able to trace any anecdote connected with Kintail to this place, though the Kintail men and the Glengarry men were constantly at feud with each other.

COIRE BO CHAILEIN — The corrie, "Bo," of the cow; "Chailein," of Colin, the corrie of Colin's cattle. Crodh Chailein or Bo Chailein is a famous song all over the Highlands, but especially in Lochaber, where it was composed. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who lived for many years at Fort Augustus, gives a capital translation and explanation of the song in her "Essays on the Superstitions of the High-

lands," which fully explains how the above corrie came to be named. She says: "Anciently the hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed Nature in her most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were counted the sons of little men, and were considered to be as much below the hunters as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer which the others pursued. In process of time, however, the maidens began to boast of the herds of their lovers, and viewed the huntsman as a poor wandering adventurer. About this time the song seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an obscure manner of the cattle of Colin (Crodh Chailein), and pursues the metaphor through many playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, etc., and their manner of sporting and feeding, in a style too minute for translation. In the end, however, it appears that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild commoners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting."

The Glengarry "Corrie Bo Chailein," lying on the north side of Ben Tee, is a favourite resort of deer ; but, curiously enough, at the lower end of the corrie is a small knoll called the "Hill of watching," where the herds who came from the Bolinn crofts used to sit and watch their cattle. As the Gaelic song is too well known to need repeating, I only give Mrs. Grant's translation, which, to use her own words, "preserves the tender simplicity of the original, and is well worth a perusal."

Crodh Chailein.

" My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,
Who'rt wont the wild mountains to trace without fear ;
Oh, where are thy flocks, that so swiftly rebound
And fly o'er the heath, without touching the ground ?

" So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,
So agile, so graceful, so charming to view ;
O'er the wild forest, there's nought can compeer
With the light-bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.

" My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love,
Oh, where are the herds that so loftily move ?
With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd ;
With their motion, so rapid, the woods all resound.

" Where the birch trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,
At noonday they're sleeping round Colin, my dear ;

Oh, Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy,
Must these flocks and those herds all thy moments
employ ?

“ To yon waterfall’s dashing I tune my sad strain,
And gather those violets for Colin in vain ;
At sunset he said he should meet with me here,
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear ?

“ Oh, Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride,
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,
Whose herds, scatter’d round me, adorn the green plains.

“ Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see ;
But what are their wealth and their offers to me ?
While the light-bounding roes, and the wild mountain
deer
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear ! ”

CORRIE EICH. *G.—Coire an Eich.* The corrie of the horse. A small steep corrie on the north side of Corrie Glas Hill. Seventeen horses or ponies are said to have been lost in a snow-drift here many years ago. The corrie lies very high, and is sheltered, but the snow drifts over the top of the hill, and it is no doubt a dangerous place of shelter in a snow-storm.

RAVEN’S ROCK, THE. *G.—Creagan an Fhithich.* The rock—“ Fitheach ”—of the raven. J

This rock, on which the old ruined castle of Invergarry now stands, was formerly the gathering place of the Macdonells of Glengarry, and from thence they took their famous war-cry, "Creagan an Fhithich."

Mrs. Ogilvy, in her "Highland Minstrelsy," has a poem on "The Rock of the Raven," which is too long to give in its entirety, but the following verses give a good idea of the stirring nature of her theme :—

"Beware of Macdonnell ! beware of his wrath !
In friendship or foray, oh ! cross not his path !
He knoweth no bounds to his love or his hate,
And the wind of his claymore is blasting as Fate ;
Like the hill-cat who springs from her lair in the rock,
He leaps on the foe—there is death in the shock.
And the birds of the air shall be gorged with their prey,
When the chief of Glengarry comes down to the fray
With his war-cry, ' The Rock of the Raven !'

"The eagle he loveth dominion on high,
He dwells with his kindred alone in the sky,
Nor heedeth he, sailing at noon o'er the glen,
The turbulent cares and dissensions of men ;
But the raven exulteth when strife is at hand,
His eyes are alight with the gleam of the brand ;
And still, when the red burning cross goeth round,
And gathers Clan Colla at fortified mound,
The first at the tryst is the Raven."

The history of this old castle is very difficult to follow. It has been built at least three times in its present situation, and burnt as often. One of the earliest records is in 1654, when "Glengarrie's new house" was burnt by Cromwell's soldiers, under General Morgan, on the 23rd of April of that year. The destruction, however, was not sufficiently complete to satisfy General Monck, who, on the following day, ordered "the remaying structure to be defaced by the pyoneers." The castle was soon rebuilt, and, in 1690, Colonel Hill is instructed that in case he found that "the house of Invergarry cannot probably be taken in this season of the year with the artillery, etc.," he is to give Glengarry an indemnity for his life and fortune upon his delivering up the house. Whether a curious old brass cannon, which was discovered not long ago on Craiglea, a small hill overlooking the castle, had anything to do with the projected siege or not, must remain a matter of conjecture; but, at anyrate, this old-fashioned piece of ordnance was found lying on the very track which the soldiers would have taken to get a gun in position to command the castle.

In 1691 Glengarry was still defending his house with "an earthwork and palisadoe, and is the most bigoted man that wayes alive;" but he was evidently obliged to surrender, as in 1692 there was a garrison of Government soldiers in the house, who remained on and off until the rebellion of 1715. On the 25th of September of that year Glengarry marched down to the castle with 500 men, surprised the garrison, and took Lieut. Lauder and 15 men prisoners. To explain his conduct, Glengarry writes the following amusing letter to Sir R. Pollock, the English Governor of Fort William :—

" Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry to the Governor, Fort William.

" 22nd Sept., 1715.

" SIR,—I am heartily sorry what I am to inform you of might in the least offend you, and that is the surprising of the garrison in my house, which of necessity I was obliged to do for the safety of the poor people, who were threatened by the soldiers that they would fall

upon them, . . . and I am hopeful a person of your honour and integrity will rather approve tacitly, rather than disapprove, such measures ; and more especially King George having refused to accept of our address, which hardship few or none ever trusted with. . . . No doubt others will take the same method. However, since it is not the quarrel of private gentlemen or noblemen, so I am glad it is not of ours, and therefore your friendship to my wife and little family is entreated be yours most obliged and humble servant,

“ ALEXANDER MACDONELL.”

In 1716 the English garrison were back in the castle, and shortly afterwards evacuated and burnt it. About 1727 the York Building Company commenced smelting iron in Glengarry, and the director of the works, one Thomas Rawlinson, finding the walls of the old castle still standing, fitted them up as a residence for himself and his workmen.¹ As soon as the alterations and building were completed, some gentlemen of the clan came and dined with him, and in the speech which fol-

¹ Burt's Letters.

lowed the usual toasts, the Englishman was foolish enough to bid them "be welcome to anything that is in my house." Upon these two last words one of them cried out: "D—n you, sir! your house? I thought it had been Glengarry's house!" Upon which they knocked the candles out and set upon him; but he, being strong and active, escaped to another room, and called his workmen to him, who, arming themselves, and running to his assistance, drove the gentlemen off.¹

The York Building Company were not long in existence, and, with their failure, the iron works were discontinued, and the rightful owner once more took possession of his home.

From 1743 to 1745 Glengarry and his family were active in promoting the interests of Prince Charlie. During these stirring times the old castle seems to have been the headquarters of many of the Jacobites. Prince Charlie slept here on the 26th of August, 1745, and again on April 17th, 1746, the day after Culloden. He "arrived at Invergarry Castle about four or five in the morning, and found only one

¹ Burt's Letters.

man there, who said Glengarry and his family were abroad, and had left no provisions or furniture in the house, so the Prince was obliged to lie on the floor without any refreshment. When daylight appeared, Edward Burk saw a net, which he drew in the water, and caught two salmons, on which they dined very well.”¹ The Prince remained in the neighbourhood till about three in the afternoon, when he went off to Lochiel's country. In May the castle was burnt for the last time by the Duke of Cumberland.

CRAIGLEA. *G.—Creagliath.* The grey crag, so-called from a large grey rock near the top of the hill, now almost hidden by trees and undergrowth. ✓

DURNAHACHLISH. *G.—Doire na h-achlais.* The grove of the armpit. A small wood on the side of Ben Tee. The slope of the hill at this point resembles the hollow of a man's armpit.

DOG POOL, THE. *G.—Poll nan con.* A pool on the Lower Garry. Here again the origin of the name has been entirely lost. It was on the

¹ “Journal of the Most Miraculous Escape of the Young Chevalier.”

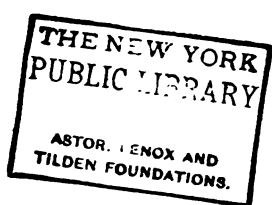
flat close to this pool on the west side of the river, that the "games" were held in Glengarry's time.¹ The people assembled at Invergarry and marched up the glen to the field, headed by the pipers and their chief. The games were of the usual sort: tossing the caber, dancing and pipe playing, and included a race to Invergarry and back, about six miles. This was always reckoned one of the most trying contests of the day, and during the race the men frequently threw off their kilts and arrived in their shirts only. Another feat of strength was twisting the four legs of a cow; the poor brute was brought up and felled before all the people, and the man who accomplished the task was presented with a fat sheep as a prize. After the sports were over, the bard of the clan was called out and recited an extempore poem in Gaelic in praise of his chief and the clan. The festivities ended with a grand dinner, at which all the country people were regaled. (See p. 48.)

DRUIM GARRY—The ridge of Garry. There is an anecdote connected with this hill which, whether true or not, deserves to be recorded.

¹ Joseph Mitchell's "Reminiscences."



DUNCAN MACDONELL, Clansman to "Glengarry."
From a drawing by Dennis Dighton,



Fingal was said to have two residences, one in Glen Turret and the other in Glenelg near Kyle Rhea, and it is supposed by some that the various corries and straths named after him in Glengarry, mark his route from Kyle Rhea to Glen Turret. Among his followers was one Garry, who was left on this occasion in charge of the establishment in Glenelg, while the others were out on a hunting expedition, with special orders to watch the conduct of the ladies who remained.

Being weary of watching, he fell asleep, and the ladies, seeing their opportunity, and yet not wishing to do him any serious injury, fastened him by the hair to a pillar of the house, hoping no doubt to have some high jinks by themselves. Garry, according to all accounts, soon woke up (he must, indeed, have been a sound sleeper to have slept as long as he did), and his rage, when he found himself fast, knew no bounds ; but his fair persecutors had reckoned without their host ; tearing out his hair, he was soon free again, nor was he long in taking his revenge, for e'er the ladies knew what was happening, he had fastened up the doors and set fire to the building. Some of the other Fin-

galians who were gathering shell-fish on the coast of Skye noticed the smoke of the burning house, and, fearing a mishap, hastened home. When they got to Kyle Rhea, they found that the current was at its height—the channel is narrow here, and the tide when at full ebb races along like a swollen river in flood; there was no time to lose, however, so these hardy swimmers plunged boldly into the flood, and all got safely to land “except Mac Ratha, who was drowned, hence the name of Kyle Ratha.” Alas for their pluck, when they arrived at their home it was only to find a mass of smouldering ruins, and to see Garry escaping over the distant hills. The latter became an outlaw, and for long dwelt in a cave in Glenquoich, called to this day “Uamh Garridh”—the cave of Garry, where no doubt he would have ended his days in peace, had not the Feinne one morning accidentally come upon his cave. Garry for some time kept them outside by sending out flights of pigeons, which he had tamed. In such numbers did these come out, that the Feinne were unable to enter, and a discussion arose as to whether there was any use in searching the cave at all. Said one of them,

“ There can be no man in there, with all these pigeons.” “ Hooch,” replied the other, “ it is probably just one of Garry’s tricks.” When he heard this, Garry felt it was all up with him; but with the courage of despair he bravely faced his end; at the point of the sword he forced his way through his astonished enemies, then with a desperate leap from the rocks, he cleared the River Garry, which lay far below at the foot of the hill, and, landing in safety, fled down the glen—the prints of his feet, where he alighted in the soft moss, are yet visible. The gallant Fingalians were soon in hot pursuit, and, after a long chase, poor Garry was overtaken and slain on the hill which still bears his name, “ Druim Garry ”—“ Garry’s Ridge.” It is only fair to say that the Glenquoich people claim Sgurr Gairloch, “ Ben Garry,” as the death-bed of our hero.

DOIRE GARBH—The rough grove.

DOIRE NA EARBHA—The roe-deer’s grove.

EAGLE’S ROCK, THE. *G.*—*Creag an Fhireoin.* This rock, a steep crag about 40 feet high, is in the centre of the Glengarry forest, and on a ledge about the middle of the rock the eagles have their nests. Every year they bring up

two young ones; but food is scarce, and as soon as these are able to fly, they are driven out of the country by their Spartan parents to fend for themselves.

EILEAN BAN—The white or light-coloured island.

EILEAN DUBH—The black island.

EILEAN NAN SASSUNACH—The Saxon's island, on the River Garry.

ISLAND OF THE SWANS, THE. *G.—Eilean nan Ealaidh.* Probably tame swans, though occasionally in hard winters wild swans come on to Loch Garry.

FEDDAN. *G.—Feadan.* A crevice through which the wind whistles. "Fead," a whistle. This high pass lies at the foot of Mullantagart (*see* p. 15), and here is also the highest inhabited house in Glengarry.

A story is told of an old woman who used to live here, called "Cailleach na Feddan"—the old lady of Feddan. Her cottage was by the burn side close to the march between Glengarry and Lochiel on the watershed of the ridge, and a little stream ran down from the hill behind her house, which could be diverted so as to flow either way. When the Glengarry men came



EWEN MACPHEE, of Quoich Island.
From a drawing by the Earl of Wemyss.
(See page 117.)

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up to collect her rent, she managed her stream so that her bothy should be Lochiel's ground ; but when Lochiel's people arrived, she was back again in Glengarry, as stout a Macdonell as ever lived. It is said that by these means she lived here rent free for many years, and possibly was the cause of the disputed hill of Mullantagart.

FINGAL'S CORRIE—At the west end of Glengarry. (*See* p. 78.)

GARRY GUALACH. — “ Guala ” means a “ shoulder,” also applied to a “ bend.” The bend of the River Garry. The Garry here makes a sharp bend.

GLASTER. *G.*—*Glas dhoire*. The grey grove, on the shores of the Loch of Lochy, and so near the march that it was frequently changing hands, being at one time included in Glengarry's property, and at another in Lochiel's. The earliest notice of the place is in 1502. ✓

GLENGARRY—The glen of the River Garry. ✓ There appear to be three derivations for this name “ Garry.” The first, and probably the correct one, is simply “ Garbh ” (pronounced Garrav)—“ rough,” the rough river. In old

maps it is generally spelt "Garrif." The second derivation, published in a book on Scottish place-names, "Glen Garaidh"—the glen of the garden, cannot be the correct one, as the Gàr in Gàraidh is long and not short as in Garry. The third derivation is "Glen Garridh"—Garry's Glen. (*See* Druim Garry, p. 38.)

✓ GREENFIELD. *G.—Achadh uaine.* In old deeds often spelt "Achagavone." Here was the burial-ground of the Macmhuicgens. The Macdonels of Greenfield, another famous cadet family of Glengarry, also lived here for many generations.

✓ GLEN LUIE. *G.—Glen Laoigh.* The Calf's Glen. Glen Luie was for many years the seat of the Macmhuicgens, a sept of the Macdonalds. (*See* p. 83.)

GLENGARRY'S BOWLING GREEN. (*See* Ben Tee, p. 12.)

HILL OF GOLD, THE. (*See* Tom an oir, p. 49.)

HILL OF GROANING, THE. *G.—Cnocan an Osnaidh.* The little hill, "Osnaidh"—of the "sob" or "groan." Locally called "Cnocan nan oich oich"—the hillock of oich! oich! A small knoll at the head of Loch Lochy close to the battlefield of Blàr-na Léine; tradition says

that the few who escaped from the plain below made a last stand on this hillock, where they were cut down to a man by their assailants.

HILL OF WATCHING, THE. *G.—Meall croabh a fradharc.* The hill of the tree of “looking out” or “watching.” A small knoll at the lower end of Corrie Bo Chailein (*see* p. 28), whence the herds used to watch their cattle.

INSHANTOIR WOOD (on ordnance map). *G.—Coille Innis an-t Saoir*, but really “Innis soar.” “Innis”—meadow; “soar”—free, exempt. The free meadow. It is said that a crofter named M'Leran, who lived here in old times, had the land free and paid no rent to anyone. He kept a great number of cattle and horses, and was the happy father of five or six daughters; to each of these on their wedding (and they all married) he gave a grey mare and foal. There is a small green above this wood called to this day M'Leran's croft.

INVERGARRY. *Inbhir.* The mouth of (literally, “confluence of”) the River Garry. (*See* Glengarry, p. 43.)

INVERGARRY CASTLE. (*See* Creag an Fhithich, p. 31.)

KILFINNAN. *G.—Cilfhionnan.* The ✓

“church” or “cell” of St. Finnan. Finnan, better known as St. Finnan, was one of the missionaries who came over to the mainland after St. Columba’s death. Little is known about him, except that he laboured “for many years in the cause of Christianity in the district of Lochaber, and died at Kilfinnan, where a church was erected to his memory.”¹

About 1460, Allan Mac Ruari, a wild and daring chief of the Clanranalds, is said to have committed many excesses, and to have burnt the church of Kilfinnan. In the Dean of Lismore’s collection is a poem in which allusion is made to Allan and the raid :

“ Fierce ravager of church and cross

.

Beside that other lawless raid

Against Finnan in Glengarry,

Have cursed thy bald head, Allan.”

Allan was himself at last captured and executed in 1509. It is, however, as a burial-place of the Macdonells of Glengarry that Kilfinnan has latterly been known, and for many years the great chiefs and their retainers

¹ “ Moydart,” by Rev. C. Macdonald.

were buried here. The last great funeral, that of Colonel Alastair Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry in 1828, drew together a large concourse of mourners ; no less than 1500 people attended, and the body was borne by eighteen Highlanders, who were relieved at regular intervals. The day was very stormy, the Killfinnan burn in high flood, and, as there was no bridge at that time, the swollen river reached high above the knees of the people as they forded it.

LADDIE. (*See* p. 25.)

LAGGAN — A "hollow." (*See* Achadrom, etc., p. 58.)

LEAC LADDIE—The Flags of Laddie. (*See* p. 25.)

LEITIR LAPPIE—The muddy hillside. On the south side of Craiglea. This hillside is full ✓ of springs. "Lapan" means "mire" or "mud." There may be another derivation.

LON ATH GHOBHLAICH—The marsh of the forked ford, near Laggan. Loch Oich here makes a sort of fork ; "gobhlach" is also used in Gaelic to denote the face of an old woman when her nose approaches her chin, and perhaps this simile better describes the shape

reprisals on either side, seven of the latter, headed by the "Alasdair Mor Mac Mhic-Dhughail"—big Alasdair, the grandson of Dugall—arrived one morning unawares at Keppoch's house, and, forcing their way in, killed him and his two sons. For many years nothing was done to avenge the murder. The murderers, however, feeling sure that their pursuit was only a matter of time, kept a sharp look-out on their enemies, and built a small cottage on the hill opposite Invergarry Castle, whence they could obtain news of any expedition which might be projected against them. At length Keppoch's sister, despairing of justice, incited Ian Lom, the famous bard, to write the stirring and well-known lament, "Cumha Clann na Ceapaich"—"The Lament of the Clan Keppoch."

Copies were sent to Lord Macdonell and to Sir James Macdonald of Sleat; much indignation was aroused throughout the country, and Glengarry was invited by the Privy Council to take steps to avenge the outrage; but he either refused, or, at anyrate, failed to move in the matter, and Sir James Macdonald was directed by the Government to take up the case. The

party which he despatched from the isles, starting on a Wednesday, crossed the Lochy on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning before daybreak, the whole of the conspirators, except Alasdair Mòr, "were surprised and killed, and their houses set on fire."

Alasdair Mòr had retired to his cottage, which he had some time previously loopholed and fortified, and now, with the help of his wife, he was ready to offer a determined resistance. His assailants were unable to effect an entrance. Many of them were killed or sorely wounded by the hot fire which Alasdair kept up from the bothy, ably assisted by his courageous wife, who, though her leg had been shattered by a ball early in the fight, continued to load his rifle and mould his bullets. At last, one of the attacking party managed to place a large bundle of bracken and dry heather under the eaves of the roof, and, quickly setting fire to it, retired unhurt. Alasdair, suffocated by the smoke of his now burning house, and feeling that his last hope was gone, seized his wife in his arms, and, rushing from the door, was soon cut to pieces by his assailants.

The Islesmen cut off the heads of their victims,

and proceeded with them to Invergarry Castle to lay them before Glengarry, but ere they arrived at the house they washed their gory trophies at the little spring now known as the "Well of the Heads." The heads, having been shown to Glengarry, were afterwards buried in a small glade a short distance east of the castle.

THE ABERCHALDER DISTRICT.

MOUNTAINS.

BEN VAN. *G.—Beinn Bhan.* “Ben,” mountain ; “Ban,” white or light-coloured.

BEINN LARAGAN—The mountain (“Laragan,” “Laraichean”) of the farm lands, *i.e.*, green grassy slopes.

CARN DEARG—“Carn,” the cairn ; “Dearg,” red — The red cairn, from the red colour of the stones on the summit.

CARN NA LARACH—The cairn (“Larach”) of the farm or green hillside.

GOAT'S CRAG, THE. *G.—Creagan nan Gobhar.* The little craig (“Goibhre,” “Gobhar”) of the goats. In old days the people of Achadrom used to pasture their goats on this hill. Large numbers of goats were kept for their milk, and in one of the raids of the Macdonalds and others on Glen Urquhart in the sixteenth century, they carried off no

less than 1,302 goats and 763 kids, besides much other spoil. From this Craig na Goibhre, perhaps the best view along the whole length of the canal is obtained, as there are no intervening hills, and, on a clear day, a person can see from the North Sea to the Atlantic. It was on this summit that the beacon was lighted when Glengarry wished to summon his clan. The fiery cross was first displayed on the topmost tower of Invergarry Castle, and immediately the beacon was kindled on Craig na Gour, whence it could be seen all up Glengarry, and up and down the great glen.

ELDRIG — Probably a corruption of Eilid Ridhe—"Eilde," the hinds; "Ridhe," a valley; or possibly "Ull" or "Ullamh," quick; "Eirigh," rising, from the abrupt nature of the slope. The name, though spelt Eldrig, is pronounced Elerig.

LEACANN DOIRE BANNEAR. 2,091 feet. "Leacan," the slope; "Doire," of the grove; "Bannear" (*G.*—*banair*), a place where the sheep are milked, sheep-fold.

LETTERFEARN. *G.*—*Leitir Fearn*. "Leitir," the slope; "Fearn," of the alder tree.

MULLACH A' GHLINNE. 1,734 feet. "Mul-

lach," the summit ; " Ghlinne " (Gleann), of the glen.

RIVERS.

ALLT NA CRICHE — " Allt," the burn ; "Criche" (crioch), of the march. This burn marks the march between the Aberchalder and Laggan farms.

CALDER BURN, THE, which flows into Loch Oich at Aberchalder, and gives its name to the latter place, "Aber," the mouth ; "Chalder," of the calder. Calder, according to all the topographists, is a corruption of Coille Dur : "Dur," an obsolete Gaelic term for water ; and "Coille," of the wood. The Calder burn runs through a wood for almost its entire length.

COACHAN A' BHRUDHAISTE — "Coachan," the streamlet ; "Brudhaiste," of brose, from the dark and frothy appearance of the stream when in flood.

FAIRIES' BURN, THE. *G.*—*Allt nan Sithean.* (See p. 75.)

PLACE-NAMES.

✓ ACHADROM—"Achadh," the field; "Drom" (druim), of the ridge. Achadrom is the watershed of the Great Glen of Scotland, and in old maps there is marked near this spot a place called the Stone of the Rigg or Ridge. Skene, in his "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," connects this (Druim) Ridge with the Great Ridge of Scotland, "Drumalban," "which, rising near Ben Lomond, proceeds by the head of Loch Katrine . . . past Cairndrum and Tyndrum, the Cairn of Druim and the House of Druim, on through the Moor of Rannoch and over Ben Alder, until it intersects the Great Glen of Scotland at a place called Achadrum, or the Field of Druim. Hence it proceeds through Ross-shire, and crosses Derrymore at a place where the waters flow east and west from a little loch called Loch Droma, or the Lake of Druim, till it finally loses itself in the mountains of Sutherland." No doubt all the places got their names locally, but it is none the less interesting to find that when pieced together these local ridges make up the great Drumalban. Achadrom was a

famous place in old days ; here was held the fair or market, and here were the gallows. All the old deeds were signed at Laggane, in Achadrom, and, as a battle-ground, it is remarkable that both the first skirmish in the '45 and the celebrated battle of Blàr-na-Léine were fought near this field. The skirmish in the '45 was practically an affair of outposts between three companies of English regulars and a body of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, who came in contact with the former somewhere near Spean Bridge. The regulars retired on to Fort Augustus, whence they had come, closely pursued by the Highlanders, and on repassing through Achadrom, the Glengarry men (about fifty of the Kennedies of Laggan) showed themselves in their way, and sent a message to the English to surrender. This they refused to do, and at the same time commenced to fire on the Glengarry men. After a time the military, who were firing at a long range, ran out of ammunition, when the Highlanders at once charged, sword in hand, and compelled them to surrender. Four or five privates were killed, and one officer—Captain Scott—was wounded in the shoulder ; the rest, being eighty-two,

were carried off prisoners to Achnacarry. Captain Scott, who behaved with great bravery, was taken to Lochiel's house, where, at the instance of Lady Lochiel, his wound was dressed.

ABERCHALDER — "Aber," the confluence ; "Chalder," of the Calder (*see* p. 57). The Highland army halted here for the night of August 26th, 1745, where they were joined by 400 of the Glengarry Macdonalds ; early the next morning Prince Charlie commenced his famous march across Corrie Arrick.

BALALISTER (near Laggan) — "Baile Alasdair," the town of Alister, after Col. Alister Macdonell. While the Caledonian Canal was being constructed, Glengarry, anxious to improve the property, erected in 1820 a chapel at Laggan, and commenced to build a new village, which he called Bal Alister. This name is now rarely used, the only survival of it being in Balmaglaister Hill.

BEALACH STREAP — "Beallach," pass or balloch ; "Streap," climbing. A very steep pass south of Laggan.

FIELD OF THE SHIRTS. *G.* — *Blàr na Léine*. "Blàr," the battle-field ; "Léine," of the shirts.

Two capital accounts of this battle and the incidents relating to it have appeared within the last few years, and every old manuscript that is brought to light seems to add some fresh anecdote to this now famous clan fight.¹

In 1543 a feud broke out between the Clan Ranald of Moydert and the Frasers. Allan Mac Ruari of Moydert was the chief of Clan Ranald from 1481 to 1509. He was twice married. First, to a daughter of Macian of Ardnamurchan; secondly, to a daughter of Lord Lovat. By his first wife he had two sons, Ranald Bane and Alister; and by his second wife, Ranald Galda (or the stranger), who was brought up by the Frasers.²

Ranald Bane was executed; his son Dougal assassinated, and the command of the clan devolved upon Alister. When Alister died in 1530, his *bastard* son, John Moydertach, a man of great ability, was acknowledged as chief by the whole clan, and procured charters to the estates. These he possessed till 1540, when he was lodged in prison with other chiefs by James V. This king, while making a tour

¹ "Antiquarian Notes," by C. Fraser-Mackintosh.

² Gregory's "Highlands." "Moidart," by Rev. C. Macdonald.

round the North of Scotland, received "at Trouterness, in Skye, the homage of most of the insular and mainland chiefs, including Alexander of Glengarry, John Moydertach, and others of the Mac Coynellis' kin. Glad to find so many within his grasp, he, without any sense of honour, carried them away south, and committed them to prison." Lord Lovat and the Frasers, seizing their opportunity, bestirred themselves for their *protégé*, Ranald Galda, and with such success that John Moydertach's charters were revoked, and granted to the former.

When, however, John Moydertach was let out of prison, he was at once joined by the whole of Clan Ranald, who acknowledged him as their chief. Ranald Galda was expelled from Moydert, and took refuge with Lovat, who prepared to assert the rights of his kinsman.

¹"The Clan Ranald did not wait to be attacked, but, assisted by the Clan Cameron and Macdonells of Keppoch, they over-ran the districts of Abertarff, Stratherrick, and Glenmoriston, possessed themselves of the Castle of Urquhart, and seemed to aim at a permanent

¹ "Antiquarian Notes," by C. Fraser-Mackintosh.

occupation of these territories, so much so that the Earl of Huntly was at length constrained to levy a force to quell the insurrection. This noble lord raised about 400 men, consisting mostly of gentlemen of his name, and with these he marched through Urquhart and Glenmoriston to Cillchuiman, now Fort Augustus, where he encamped till the other clans joined him. When the Grants, the Clan Chattan, and others had joined Lord Lovat at Cillchuiman, they all marched in a body through Abertarff, Glengarry, and Lochaber, meeting with no opposition, and found the Earl of Argyle and his forces at Inverlochy; for the Highlanders no sooner understood that an army was marching against them than they scattered and retired to their inaccessible mountains and hidden recesses, so that it was not easy either to follow or to attack them.

“The Earl of Argyle and Lord Lovat, having concerted measures for preserving the peace of the Highlands, and stayed for some time at Inverlochy, Lord Lovat put his nephew, Ranald Galda, in peaceable possession of Moidart, and all his forces returned home. On his way home, Huntly, having arrived at Glenspean,

returned home to Strathspey by the Brae Lochaber with the Laird of Grant and the bulk of the army ; but the Frasers, under the command of Lovat, and accompanied by Ranald Galda and a few followers, to the number of about 400, returned to Inverness by the south side of Loch Lochy in spite of Lord Huntly's remonstrances. When they arrived at Letter Finlay (or, perhaps, Glengloy ?), Lord Lovat received information that the Clan Ranald were in full march to intercept them, 'upon which his brother-in-law, the Laird of Grant, Macintosh, and others advised him to alter his route. It is probable this kind offer would have been accepted of, but James Fraser of Foyers, a headstrong, obstinate man, dissuaded his chief from it, protesting it would be reckoned cowardice in Lord Lovat, and an indignity done to offer him a convoy, that they were able enough themselves for any that could pretend to obstruct their passage. Upon this all these chieftains and their men took their leave of him, and parted with him. Lovat marched down by the south side of Loch Lochy, and about half-way, he sent one Iain Cleirach, or Bean Cleirach (the Clerk), with

100 bowmen ' to occupy an important pass so as to secure a retreat in case of defeat, ' with orders to keep in sight of the main body, and, if he saw danger, to come to their assistance.' Iain, however, either mistook his orders or lost his way ; ' at anyrate, he was no use to the rest, nor any of the 100 men he carried with him.' Meanwhile, the Macdonalds had not been idle : they were on their own ground ; the precipitous hills of Loch Lochy side offered the enemy little chance of escape. They had gathered from all parts of Glengarry—one party of Camerons came along the north shore of Loch Lochy, another party of Macdonalds marched across from Lochgarry past Ben Tigh, and the small Lochan na Diota—the loch of the repast—where each man had his meal, and then (according to the local tradition) drove a stick into the ground so that they might count the absent on their return home. They gathered, no doubt, on that day in the Allt Cruinneachaidh—the burn of the gathering—which overlooks Lagan Achadrom and the battlefield. Then, having had their arms put in order on the adjacent smithy's knoll, Torran-na-Ceardaich, they waited for the

enemy's approach. Lovat, however, unconscious of the strength of the force gathered to oppose him, marched on, and, on arriving at the head of Loch Lochy, he perceived a force of between five and seven hundred of the Clan Ranald marching down the hill in seven companies, with banners flying, and leaving no doubt of their intention to intercept him.

¹ " Lord Lovat immediately calls a council of war, and having all resolved to engage, he encourages his men in a short harangue to this purpose—

" 'Gentlemen, you are my *guard-de-corps*, whom I have chosen out of many to accompany me in this honourable expedition for the services of my sovereign. You are, most of you, my flesh and blood, the offspring of those heroes who signalised themselves so often in the defence of their country. Remember the honour of your noble ancestors, of whom you are descended, some of which will be for ever on record as illustrious examples of Scotland's pristine bravery. The several branches of our ancient family have upon all occasions distinguished themselves, and to this day never

¹ " Antiquarian Notes," by C. Fraser-Mackintosh.

brought the least stain upon the name they bear. The time is short to speak of each of them in particular ; methinks I see them all alive in you, and that they have transmitted their courage and bravery, as well as their blood and name, to you. You are, indeed, but a handful to encounter yonder formidable crew, but consider the difference in other respects. They are rebels, you are loyal subjects ; they outlaws, you are free subjects. I go on before you. I will hazard my life with you and for you. I by far prefer a noble death to an inglorious retreat, or anything that sullies the glory of my house ; and are not you as much concerned in its glory as I am ? We have from others the character of men of fortitude and resolution ; we carry our lives on the point of our swords. Let us act as men. Fall on, and refer the event to Almighty God ; “for the battle is the Lord’s, who can save with few as with many.”’

“ He had scarcely ended when the enemy came close to them at the end of Loch Lochy. Hereupon ensued a most fierce and bloody conflict, fought more like tigers than men. The Frasers threw aside not only their plaids,

as has been the common practice with the Highlanders, but threw off their very short coats and vests, and engaged in their shirts, with their two-handed swords and Dane axes.

“ This conflict is still called by the country people ‘ Blàr-na-Léine ’—*i.e.*, the Battle of the Shirts. The fronts of both armies engaged so closely, without either sides yielding or giving way, that they were felled down on each side like trees in a wood, till room was made by these breaches on each side, and at last all came to fight hand-to-fist. There was none there but met his match to encounter him ; many were seen to fall, but none to fly ; they all fought for victory, which still remained uncertain.

“ There is one remarkable passage which I cannot omit. I told you above that Lord Lovat had with difficulty prevailed on his son, the Master, to stay at home to take care of the country. He had been on a day’s hunting for his diversion in the forest of Corricharbie, and having taken home great plenty of venison, his stepmother, Lady Lovat, told him, with a sneer, that it was fine amusement for young men to be chasing birds and beasts, and then

to sleep soundly in their beds, when old men were fighting in the fields. This sarcasm touched so sensibly this noble youth, that instantly he takes a dozen resolute fellows with him, and sets out resolving to find his father and friends, and accordingly he joined them at Loch Lochy a little after the conflict began, and fell in where the battle was hottest. The first sight of him quite dispirited and confounded his father. All was now at stake—they fought in blood and gore, and when many of them wearied with their two-handed swords and the heat, they went into the loch in couples and struck each other with their dirks. The Master acted like a hero, and each of the men he brought with him was worth many.

“Lord Lovat fought so gallantly, hewing down all that came in his way, that his enemies called him a ‘Cruaidh Choscar’—*i.e.*, the hardy slaughterer; and when they observed him to fall in the field, it inspired the few that remained of the Clan Ranald with fresh vigour, crying out with great joy, ‘Thuit a Cruaidh Choscar, thuit’—‘The hardy cutter is fallen, is fallen,’ and as they cried they were knocked down—yea, even those who lay as dead in the field, when

an enemy came by, would lay hold of a sword and endeavour to cut off a leg or an arm.

¹“ A Macdonald and a Fraser singled each other out for mutual destruction. The Macdonald, while delivering a vigorous lunge with his broadsword, cried out, ‘Take that from Clanranald’s Blacksmith.’ The Fraser, parrying the thrust and then swinging his battle-axe over the Moidart man’s head, ‘And thou receive this from MacShimie’s Blacksmith.’ When the day was over these two worthies were found lying beside each other, both dead.

“This they continued from noon till the darkness surprised them, when very few from either side were left alive, and the victory to this day uncertain.² The MacRanalds, as they were more numerous, so more of them fell in proportion. It is certain that only four of the Frasers came alive out of the field, and not double that number of the MacRanalds and their adherents. But the loss on the side of the Frasers was incomparably more regretted, for Lord Lovat himself, and his eldest son, the Master of Lovat, and three hundred gentlemen

¹ “Among the Clanranalds,” Rev. C. Macdonald.

² The Macdonalds gained a complete victory.

of his name were slain. So that there was not one of the name of Fraser of the quality of a gentleman that was come to the state of manhood left alive. I have seen an account of this unhappy conflict by one who was on the field in a few days after it happened, and was affected by the elegant, lively, and pathetic manner in which he lamented Lord Lovat and his son's fall in the words of David for Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 17-26).

"History (so far as I heard) does not parallel this unhappy conflict, which was remarkable in many respects. About 1,000 men were engaged, of which twelve did not come alive from the field of battle. The Master of Lovat was the last who came to the field of battle and was the first to be slain, which put his father into such a fury, that his death was revenged by the destruction of many.

"Fraser of Foyers was the only gentleman who came alive out of the field of battle. He was miserably mangled and wounded, but, being in life, was carried by his foster-brother on his back all the way home, for which he got free the crofts that he then laboured, and his posterity enjoy it still. Foyers must have died a

few days after, as proved by the service of his son Hugh, wherein it is proved that he died 'in the month of July, 1544.'

"When the news of this unhappy conflict came to Lord Lovat's country, all who stayed at home—men and women—went to the field of battle, from whence they carried the bodies of all their principal gentlemen. Andrew Roy of Kirkhill, who was uncle to Lord Lovat, was so like him that in mistake they carried his body, instead of my lord's, till they came to Cilliwhimman, where Lord Lovat's nurse met them, and found it was Andrew Roy, upon which they buried him there, as they did most of the gentlemen they brought out of the field of battle, and returned, bringing Lord Lovat's body with them, who with his son and Ranald Galda were interred at Beauly. ¹Ranald Galda, by the testimony of the Macdonalds, fought like a hero. His death was caused by a Strontian man called 'Mac Dhonuill Ruadh Beg,' who, happening to be singled out by Ranald, treacherously called out; 'Look behind you,' which Ranald incautiously doing, he was instantly pierced in the side and fatally wounded.

¹ "Among the Clanranalds," by Rev. C. Macdonald.

Ranald, by a supreme effort, dealt a tremendous back stroke, his last, on his assailant's skull. The Moidart people were not at all proud of their neighbour's after-boasting of his part at Blàr-na-Léine."

In the above MSS. it is said that "eighty gentlemen of estates (Fraseres), who were killed on the spot, all left their wives pregnant, and everyone of them brought forth a male"; and, incredible as it may appear, there appears to have been some foundation for the report, as in "July, 1574, the year that Lord Lovat was made Governor of Inverness Castle, at a rendezvous of his men at Tom-na-thuirich, near Inverness, he had eighty young gentlemen with him much about the same age, whose fathers had been killed in the field of Lochy precisely thirty years before that, and who all by a wonderful providence lived to men."

MAIDEN'S LEAP, THE. *G.—Ceum na Nighean.* "Ceum"—the step, "Nighean"—of the daughter or maiden. This rock which lies on General Wade's road between Aberchalder and Laggan, was in old days a very difficult one to pass, especially at night. One dark and tempestuous night, a young girl was mak-

ing her way home to Laggan, where her father was anxiously awaiting her. Night passed and she did not return, so at dawn of day the poor man, thinking some accident must have befallen her, started off with a search-party along the path which she should have followed. No sign of her could they see until they came to the dreaded rock, and there, sure enough, was a footprint in the path. "Se so ceum na nighean," cried out the unhappy father—"This must be my daughter's footsteps"—and looking over the edge of the rock, they saw the body of the poor girl floating in the loch below. Ever since the rock has been called "Ceum na nighean"—the maiden's step.

There is another version of the incident, *viz.*, that the maiden was being pursued by some rascally scoundrels, and that to save her honour, she leapt into the loch and was drowned.

One of the old files of the *Courier* has also an anecdote relating to this same rock, wherein the writer says, that "Shortly after Prince Charlie's arrival in Lochaber in 1745, Angus, the laird's younger brother, along with a few others, espied from the battlements of the castle five or six redcoats on the top of Ceum na

Nighean or Girl's Leap, who had been sent out from Fort Augustus. Angus immediately loaded the 'Cuckoo,' one of the twelve muskets always kept in the upper part of the castle, each of which was eight feet long, the 'Cuckoo' being known to carry the farthest; and having fired the gun, one of the soldiers was killed. The others seeing their companion laid prostrate, and fearing the same fate would happen to themselves, retreated back to Fort Augustus."

COILLE SHLUGAN — The wood, "Slugan," of the neck of the bottle, so called from the shape of the wood, which narrows to a point at one end.

CULLOCHY—"Cul," at the back of; "Loch," the loch.

DALRUARY. *G.*—*Dal ruairidh*. Rory's field. (See p. 84.)

SHIAN. *G.*—*Dubh Sithean* or *Sithean*. The black fairies' knoll. A knoll near Laggan, which also gives its name to the burn, "Allt nan Sithean," running into the canal close by. The Sithe were fairies, or, as the later Christians used to regard them, "demons," who were worshipped by the ancient inhabitants of these

parts. Skene, in his "Celtic Scotland," gives an extract from the book of Armagh, which explains who these *Sithe* were supposed to be :

"On one occasion St. Patrick and his attendants assembled one morning at a well, or fountain, near Cruachan in Roscommon. The two daughters of King Laoghaire, Ethel the fair and Fedelm the ruddy, came early to the well to wash, after the manner of women, and they found near the well a synod of holy bishops with St. Patrick. The ladies were much startled by the goodly company, and 'they knew not whence they were, or in what form or from what people, or from what country; but they supposed them to be men of *Sithe*, or gods of the earth, or a phantom.' And the virgins said unto them, 'Where are ye and whence come ye?' And St. Patrick said unto them, 'It were better for you to confess to our true God than inquire concerning our race.'"

We see from these questions that the objects of the popular belief were:—"Mysterious beings who were supposed to dwell in the heavens or the earth, the sea, the river, the mountain or the valley, and who were to be dreaded—and conciliated." Everything that was bad was put

down to the fairies : if a cow gave no milk, it was the fairies who had milked her ; if a young mother died, it was the fairies who had carried her off. In¹ an ancient tract, "Leabhar na h'Uidhri," we are told that the demoniac power was great before the introduction of the Christian faith ; and so great was it that they, that is the demons, used to tempt the people in human bodies, and that they used to show them secrets and places of happiness, where they should be immortal ; and it was in that way they were believed. And it is these phantoms that the unlearned people call *Sithe* and *Aes Sithe*.

The farm of *Shian* is constantly mentioned in old deeds and charters, but the name is very little used nowadays.

FEIL DROMAN, close to *Achadrom*. "Feill," the market ; "Droman," of the ridge. An annual fair was held here in old days.

GLENBUCK. *G.*—*Glenbuic*. The glen, "buic" (boc), of the buck. Generally applied to roe-buck. ✓

SIMON'S MEADOW. *G.*—*Innis Sim*. "Innis," the meadow ; "Sim," of Simon. There is

¹ Skene, "Celtic Scotland."

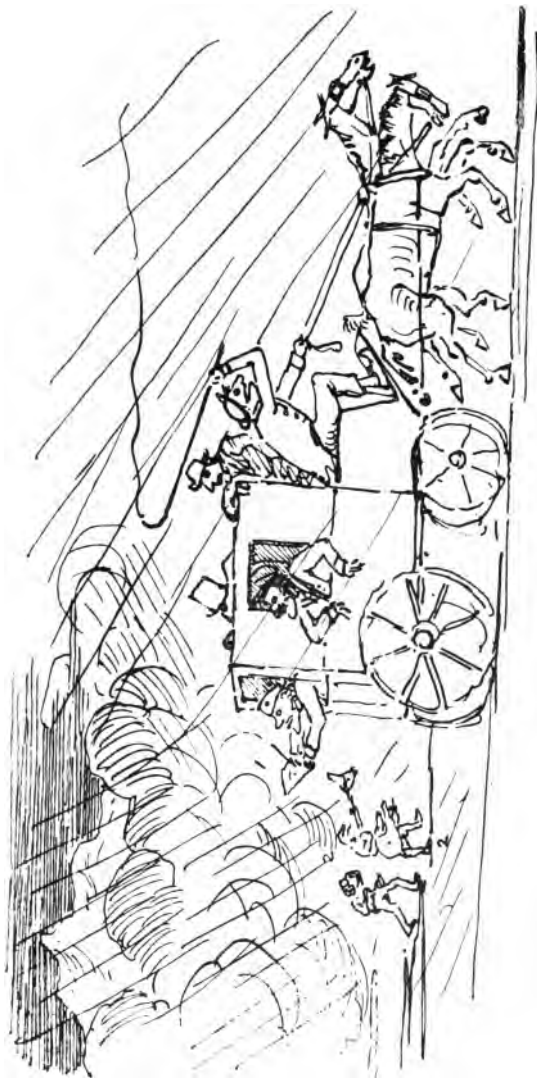
a tradition that one of the Frasers of Lovat, named Simon, was pursued and overtaken after the battle of Blàr-na-Léine, at this "Innis," where he was killed.

LAGGAN, or LAGGAN ACHADROM, as it used to be called. "Laggan," "Lag," a hollow. (*See Achadrom.*)

LEACANN UAINE — "Leacann," slope ; "Uaine," green. The green slope.

FINGAL'S ROAD—"Rathad Fhionn, or perhaps, "Roth Fhionn." The road of Fin or Fingal, or the wheel ("Roth") of Fingal. This name is applied to two circular cairns of stones at the west end of Loch Oich. They are probably the oldest vestiges of human dwelling-places in Glengarry, and are noticed by Pococke in his tour in 1760, where he says, "On the road near opposite Invergarry is a 'kern' about 60 feet in diameter, being a circle of stones round a plain spot." These stone circles are supposed to be the remains of some ancient burgh or Pictish tower. ¹ "Burghs are large circular fortresses built of unhewn stone, and entirely without cement. The form is conical, and within an exterior cone is reared an interior

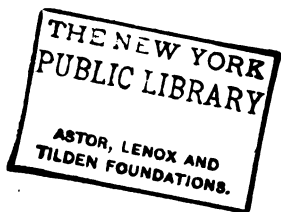
¹ Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland."



View from the other end of the Loch - as recommended -
 done to order by A.G.D.

1 Ye Sketcher
 2 Aborigines

LOCH QUOICH.
 From a drawing by A. G. Dallas.
 (See page 108.)



structure, the walls of which are either perpendicular, or constructed at an angle, which, leaving a space between the two of about six feet at the base, brings them together at the top. Within this space between the walls, a rude staircase or rather inclined passage communicates round the whole, with a series of chambers formed by means of long stones laid across from wall to wall, so as to form flooring and ceiling. These are lighted by openings looking into the interior area. The central space is open to the sky. The rude masonry of the exterior is broken only by a plain narrow doorway, which, from the absence of gateposts or grooves, was probably secured when danger was imminent by building it up with a pile of stones." It is probable, "These buildings were the work of a savage race who aimed far more at defence than aggression, and that they were the temporary places of shelter of a people liable to sudden inroads from powerful foes, and similar to the palisaded log-house or fort which the first settlers in the backwood frontiers of America used to erect as a place of retreat on any sudden attack of the treacherous natives."

THE FEINNE.—The Fianna, or followers of Fingal, or Finn the leader, were the earliest Gaelic inhabitants of the Highlands. Famous hunters and warriors, their name has been perpetuated “in every glen of the Highlands, and the legends of their prowess by every poet.” In Glengarry we have “Corrie na Feinne,” the corrie of the Finnians; “Allt Fionn ghail,” Fingal’s burn; “Teanga Fhionn,” Fingal’s tongue of land, and “Rathad Fhionn,” Fingal’s road.

Who Finn and the Feinne were has been a matter of much discussion, but “it seems probable that, instead of being only mythical heroes, as they were formerly supposed to be, they were really the last leaders of the great race in Albin and Erin who disappeared in history before the extension of the Gaelic conquest and supremacy. The popular conception of Fionn’s prowess may be gathered from the following grand passage of Highland poetry”¹:—

“With loud-sounding strides he rushed westward,
In the clank of his armour bright,

¹ Macneill’s “Literature of the Highlanders.”

And he looked like the spirit of Loda, that scatters
Dismay o'er the war-way and fight !

“ Like a thousand waves on a crag that roll yelling
When the ugly storm is at its height,
So awful the clash of mail and his weapons,
While his face wore the winter of fight !

“ His smooth claymore glittered aloft,
In his champion hand it was light,
And the moring winds kept moring his locks
Like spray in the whirlpool's might.

“ The hills on each side they were shaken,
And the path seemed to tremble with fright,
Gleamed his eyes, and his great heart kept swelling,
Oh ! cheerless, terrible sight ! ”

“ The leader of the Feinne was surrounded
by a worthy band of followers. Ossian, the son
of Fingal, was himself a hero, a great bard,
and a brave warrior ; his son Oscar, peerless in
strength, generous to a fallen foe, but ever
ready to meet the fiercest champion that ever
came from Lochlin ; Gaul, stout and valiant,
and next to Oscar in prowess ; the beautiful
brown-haired Diarmid, who cannot be seen
by any woman without being loved ; Cailte,
the poet, Cochulin, and the rash Conan—these
were the principal warriors of that gallant band

of Finnian heroes whose names are indelibly engraved on the hills and straths of their native land, while their deeds are recalled in a thousand songs."¹

RUDHA NA TRAIGHE—"Rudha," the promontory; "Traighe," of the beach. The Calder burn brings down great quantities of gravel and stones when in flood, and, with the help of the loch, forms this beach.

THE GALLOWS' HILL. *G.*—*Toman na Croiche*. "Toman," the knoll; "Croiche," of the gallows.

FINGAL'S TONGUE. *G.*—*Teanga Fhionn*. "Teanga," the tongue of land, used very generally for any piece of heathland with a burn on each side of it, forming to a point at the bottom of the tongue; "Fhionn," of Finn or Fingal. (*See above.*)

N.B.—By some people the name "Rathad Fhionn," or Finnian Road, before noticed, is applied to a green lane which winds up the hill on the south of the canal near Laggan, and leads up towards this tongue of land.

¹ Macneill's "Literature of the Highlanders."

THE ARDOCHY DISTRICT.

MOUNTAINS.

ARCHIE'S ROCK. *G.—Creag Gillespuig.* Archie was the last chief of the Macghille Mhucgens, a sept of the Macdonalds, who are said to have owned Glengarry about the time of King Robert the Bruce, and before the Macdonells became possessed of the land. The last chiefs of this race, whose dwelling-place was in Glenluie, and whose burial-ground is said to have been Greenfield, were three brothers Macmhucgen. Now, Duncan Macdonell of Morar coveted Glengarry, and leagued himself with Lochiel and Lovat to kill the three brothers. Accordingly, Macmhucgen Mor, the eldest, was killed by Lovat at a dinner, given, it is said, for the express purpose of putting an end to the Macdonald. The second, Ruairidh (Rory), was killed by some of Lochiel's men, and by Lochiel's orders, at a place near Laggan Achadrom, called to this

day "Dalruairidh," Rory's field. The third, Archie, was one day out hunting with Duncan Macdonell, now his successor to the chieftainship, when they came to the steep crag above Inshlaggan, since known as Archie's Rock, below which the deer often lie. Duncan readily seized the opportunity he had been so long waiting for, and treacherously asked Archie if he could tell the time of day by the sun. While the latter was gazing up into the sky, Duncan, with a swift stroke of his sword, lopped off his head, and the head, as it rolled down the rocks, groaned out, "Two o'clock."

CARN BAN. 1,900 feet. The white cairn.

CARN MHIC RHAONUILL—MacRanald's cairn. The hill above Loch Lundie. (*See* p. 99.)

CARN TARSUINN. 2,250 feet. Carn, and "tarsuinn," across—*i.e.*, lying crosswise to the general range of hills.

CLACH CRICHE. 2,217 feet. "Clach," stone; "criche," of the march ("Crioch"); the march between Glengarry and Glenmoriston.

CREAG CHALMA. 564 feet. The bold crag; "calma," stout, bold.

CREAG A' CHLAMHAIN. 470 feet. The kite's crag. This is still a favourite resort of the

hawk tribe, and within the last five years a pair of peregrine falcons have built their nest in this rock.

CREAG GILLESPIG—Archie's Rock. (*See* p. 83.)

DRUIM NAN EUN. 2,460 feet. The birds' ridge.

MAM A' CHROISG. 2,303 feet. The large round hill of crossing. In old days this was the short cut between Lochgarry and Glenmoriston, and funerals frequently came by Mam a' chroisg to the burial-ground at Kildonan. Mr. Mackay, in his "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," connects this hill with the Lochan a' chrois, "the Lochlet of the Cross," in Glenmoriston. "The abbey," he says, "consisted of an island in the small tarn at Lochan a' chrois, and the surrounding land, extending from Mam a' chrois to Ruigh a' chrois, bounds said to have been indicated at one time by crosses."

MEALL NAN CALMAN—The hill of the pigeons.

MEALL NAN FEARNAG—The hill of the alder trees.

MEALL NAN GEARRAN—The hill of the hares. Twenty-five years ago the whole of this ridge

abounded with hares. The name might also signify "the hill of the geldings."

MEALL LEAC ULAIÐH. 1,760 feet. The hill of the slope of treasure. This name is not now used in the district, but the treasure referred to was probably the rich summer grazing. There is a ruined sheiling close by.

MEALL NAN RUADHAG. 1,395 feet. The young hinds' hill.

RIVERS.

ALDERNAIG—Said to be a corruption from "Allteamhair"—the burn of Evie, or "Alltaifhrionn"—the burn of the mass (aifhrionn), the name which is always used by the older inhabitants of the glen, and the supporters of either derivation thus account for the origin of the name. "Allteamhair."—A woman called Evie (Eamhair) used to keep a flock of goats here which she herded by the burnside. "Alltairinn."—The burn has a very rough and stony bottom, and when in spate can only be crossed, if at all, at the ford above the Aldernaig Mill, and this ford was on the old high road up and down the glen. The difficulties of crossing

the burn were increased by a "bochdan," or goblin, who often intercepted the belated travellers at this point, and there was no escape, as there is no other ford for some distance on either side. The good priest who lived on Craig an t-sagart (*see* p. 96), anxious to help the poor people, for some years held a midnight mass ("Aifrionn") at the place, and no doubt many a belated traveller welcomed his cheery face when they came to the dreaded ford.

ALLT A' BHAINNE—The milk burn.

ALLT A' BHEITHE—The burn of the birch trees (beith). ✓

ALLT A' BHIORA—The burn of the thorn bushes (bior).

ALLT A' CHOARUINN—The burn of the mountain ash (caoruinn).

ALLT DAINGEAN—Daingean burn. (*See* Daingean, p. 96.)

COACHAN A' BHROCAIRE—The streamlet of the foxhunter (brocair). Glengarry's foxhunter, one Ewen M'Donald, lived alongside of this stream, and a short distance up the hill is a ridge (not marked on the ordnance map) still called after him—"Cnoc fad Eoghann bhrochdar"—Ewen the foxhunter's long hill.

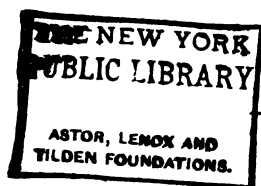
GOBLIN'S BURN, THE. *G.—Coachan glac a' Bhòchdain.* The streamlet of the glade of the goblin. About the end of the last century there lived on the Glengarry estate one Sandy M'Donell, better known as ¹Alastair mòr a' Bhòchdain—"Big Sandy of the ghost"—a man remarkable not only for his great physical strength, but for his wonderful gift of predicting future events.

Sandy lived on a patch of land some four hundred yards west of Kildonan graveyard at Munerigie. He was a frequent visitor to Invergarry House during the long winter nights, where he often enlivened the company with his stories and his feats of strength. One moonlight night as he was on his way home, and was passing a small grove which lies between the head of the loch and Munerigie, he saw what he supposed to be a deerhound crossing the road in front of him. The thought suddenly occurred to him that it must be one of Glengarry's deerhounds which had followed him all the way up from Invergarry. Irritated at the occurrence, and fearing Glengarry's

¹ Mentioned in Mackenzie's "History of the MacDonalds" as "Alastair a' Bhrocaire."



ALASTAIR MACDONELL, Clansman of "Glengarry."
From a drawing by Dennis Dighton.



wrath, Sandy swore at the dog, and bade him be off home, when in an instant the dog assumed a human form, and accosted him in Gaelic. The spot where this strange meeting took place is still known as "Glac a' Bhòchdain"—the goblin's grove.

Sandy and the goblin held many midnight meetings after this, and many a fierce fight did they have in the dead of night; but at whatever hour the fight began it always ended with the dawn of day, when the ghost fled to his grove. Sometimes the ghost held conversations with Sandy, and revealed to him many of the events about to happen to the House of Glengarry, which Sandy in his turn related to his friends, but so improbable were these stories that no one believed them. At last, however, it came to Glengarry's ears that Sandy was predicting a downfall to the House of Glengarry, and he at once sent for him.

Sandy was severely cross-questioned by his chief, who asked him whether it was true that he had prophesied the downfall of the house. "Sure enough," answered the seer, "that day is not far distant, and were I to tell you all I know, it would break your heart." Glengarry

angrily seized his henchman by the shoulder, and turned him out of the house. These sad forebodings, nevertheless, proved only too true, and within twenty-five years the chief was dead, and his son was compelled to sell the estates so long in the possession of the Macdonells of Glengarry. Soon after this interview with his chief, Sandy enlisted, and his regiment, the 76th Macdonald Highlanders, proceeded to America. Here, at anyrate, with the wide Atlantic between them, he thought he would be free from his unwelcome deerhound; but no sooner had he landed on American soil than the "bochdan" met him and assured him it was no use his attempting to escape. "But take heart," said the ghost, "I shall do you no harm, and though you are bound to go through many perils, and to fight in many bloody battles, you will come out of them all without a scratch, and not only that, but you will live to go back to your old home at Munerigie, where your bones will rest in peace at the old family burying-place at Kildonan." All this came true. Sandy was drafted into the Black Watch, and served through the Peninsular War. He was present

at the taking of San Sebastian, and returned home at the conclusion of the war.

At the sack of the above town many officers were killed, and the privates, having no commanders, indulged in wild excesses. Sandy was one day wending his way to a party of these rioters, who were making merry over a cask of brandy in the upper storey of a Spanish house. On reaching the top of the stairs, a "stout stump" of a soldier delivered him a blow, which brought poor Sandy to his knees, and, as he rose, he received a second, which sent him headlong down the stairs. Some of the soldiers began to grumble at the conduct of their comrade (one Mackay, a native of Sutherlandshire), and asked him why he had treated a stranger in such rude fashion.

"Well," said he, "I have heard it whispered for long among the men that that fellow was the strongest man in all the Highland regiments, and I wanted to know."

Sandy and this man remained complete strangers to each other until a chance incident brought them together again after many years, at Fort Augustus. On pay days every pensioner in the district had to meet the sergeant

in the Old King's Inn at Fort Augustus. On this day the pensioners had gathered together as usual, and after payment were "tasting" the usual dram. A stranger, sitting in the corner of the room, apart from the company, at length rose, and, walking across to Sandy, addressed him thus :

"Do you remember seeing me at San Sebastian?"

Sandy answered that he did not. The stranger then asked if he remembered being knocked downstairs by a private soldier after the taking of that town. Sandy replied that he remembered that very well indeed ; but he never knew who did it.

"I am the man," answered the stranger.

Sandy and Mackay had a "deochan slainte" together ; but the rest of the old soldiers insisted that the two should now be given a fair trial to see which was the stronger fellow, as the scuffle they had in Spain could not be accepted as fair play. Sandy and Mackay, in whom the martial spirit was not yet dead, made no objection to the proposal, and a wrestling bout was decided on. The struggle was a severe one, and lasted for about an hour,

without either showing signs of giving way, and it was agreed by the onlookers that had Sandy been younger (for he was now far advanced in years), he would have been more than a match for Mackay.

COACHAN NAN CNO—The streamlet of the hazels (nut bushes).

MACPHEE'S STREAMLET. *G.*—*Coachan Mhic Phee*. One Macphee, a native of Lochaber, who emigrated in the early part of the century, used to live here.

COACHAN RIABHACH—The brindled or greyish streamlet.

THE RIVER GARRY OR GARBH (pron. *Garrav*)
—Rough. The rough river. (*See* Glengarry, p. 43.)

LOCHS.

LOCH GARRY. (*See* Glengarry, p. 43.)

LOCH LOYNE. *G.*—*Loch Loinne*. The loch of grace, comeliness. Mr. Mackay refers the name to "lann," *i.e.*, the loch of the glade.¹

LOCH LOSGUINN—The loch of the toads.

LOCH LUNDIE. (*See* Lundie, p. 104.)

¹ "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," by W. Mackay.

LOCH OICH—Possibly a corruption from “Uisge” Water; but in olden days it is frequently spelt “oig,” *i.e.*, which would make it mean “oige,” the youngest loch; the smallest loch along the line of the great glen.

LOCHAN DOIRE CADHA—“Lochan,” the little loch; “Doire Cadha,” of the moorland pass.

LOCHAN NA FREUMHAG—The little loch of the roots.

LOCHAIN DUBHA—The little black lochs.

PLACES.

ACHADH NAN BA—The field of the cows.

ACHADH NAN DARAICH—The field of the oak trees.

ACHADH LUACHRAICH—The field of rushes; on the north side of Loch Garry, and one of the oldest farms in the glen.

✓ ARDOCHY. *G.*—*Ard achaidh*. High field.

✓ ARDNABH.—A ruined village, west of Ardoch; probably derived from “Ard na beithe,” the height of the birch tree.

BADAN MEADHON—“Badan,” little groves; “Meadhon,” middle, *i.e.*, the little groves in the centre of Loch Loyne.

BEALACH NA IMRICHE—"Beallach," pass ; "Imriche," of flitting, change of residence. A pass on the road from Tomdown to Cluny, very prettily named, as on this ridge the people would take a last look of their beautiful glen.

BLAR SRONACH—"Sronach," nosed ; "Blàr," green—the nosed green.

CAMAG LINNE MOR—"Camag," crooked ; "Linne," pool ; "Mòr," big—the big crooked pool. A famous salmon pool on the Lower Garry.

CILL DHONNAIN—Donnan's cell or church. The only remaining portion of this church is the graveyard at Munerigie. St. Donnan or Donnan was one of the missionaries of St. Columba's time, and many churches are dedicated to his memory throughout the Highlands.¹ He suffered martyrdom in the island of Eigg. "Donnan the great with his monks. Fifty-two were his congregation. There came pirates of the sea to the island in which they were, and slew them all."

CISTE DUBH—The black chest, or coffin. A pool on the Lower Garry, so called probably

¹ "Literature of the Highlanders," Rev. N. Macneill.

from the deep, narrow, and rock-bound gully which marks the entrance of the pool.

CNOCAN BIORACH—The pointed rock.

CREAG ARD—The high crag.

CREAG AN-T SAGART—The priest's (*sagart*) rock. A rock above the high road about one mile west of Invergarry. A small sweetbriar bush still marks the site of the priest's garden, and his house was a little east of the present Craig Ard House. The well below the high road is known as the priest's well, and the chapel was somewhat west of his house in the fields below. Here lived the same priest who officiated at the mass at Aldernaig. (*See* p. 86.)

CREAG AN TORRA LOISGTE—The crag of the burnt (*loisgte*) rock.

CROM DHOIRE—The crooked grove.

✓ DAINGEANN—The fort.

✓ DALCHOORN. *G.*—*Dail-a-chuirn*. "Dail," the land or field; "chuirn," gen. pl. of cairn—of cairns of stones. This was another very ancient village; it is mentioned in 1512 as Dellecharne—a one-merk land.

✓ DRYNACHAN — Probably from "Droigneachan," thorn trees, with which this hillside

abounds. Drynachan is invariably included in all the old deeds affecting Invergarry, which was the seat of one of the principal cadet families.

DRUIM BUIDHE—The yellow ridge. ✓

DOIRE NAN DUILLIAG—The leafy grove.

EAS DAIL A' CHUIRN — "Eas," waterfall. Dallchurn waterfall. Allan of Lundy's cave is near this fall.

CHILDREN'S ISLAND, THE. *G.*—*Eilean na Cloinne*. A small island in the Upper Garry, not far below Garrygoulach, surrounded by deep holes and black pools, the dismal haunt of that much dreaded monster, "the water-kelpie."

One Sunday, a long time ago, eight little children were playing on the island, where they had been left behind by their parents, who had gone across the river with some boat-loads of hay. For some time they played happily together, but suddenly, on looking towards the river, they saw a strange animal slowly rising out of one of the deep pools, and making his way toward them. Delighted with the chance of a ride, seven of them clambered up on to his back ; the eighth—the eldest, and more cautious than the rest—put out his hand

and touched the beast with his finger. No sooner had he done this, than he found himself fast, nor could he remove his finger, which remained glued to the monster's skin. Quick as thought, he seized a sickle lying on the grass near him, and with one blow cut off his finger, and saved his life. With a roar of rage the beast plunged into the river, and, alas! for the poor little children on his back, all that was ever seen of them was their seven little hearts floating on the top of the water.

Ever since, the island has been called, Eilean na Cloinne, the children's island.

EILEAN NA FAOILEIGE—The island of the seagulls on Loch Lundy. Loch Lundy is rarely without its seagulls, but in spring it is the happy nesting-ground of hundreds upon hundreds of gulls, principally the common gull and the black-headed gull.

EILEAN MHIC RHAONUILL — MacRanald's Island. (*See* p. 99.)

EILEAN MHULCAIN—A small island on little Loch Garry; should be Eilean Mhucgen (pron. Vuchgen)—The Macvuchgen's Island, who are said to have had a small fort or fast place on this island. (*See* p. 83.)

FAICHEAM ARD—Probably from “Fo Cheum Ard,” below the high step.

FASSIE WOOD—“ Fassie ” is a name given to a patch of ground naturally green, and easy to walk over.

INSHLAGGAN. *G.*—*Innis*, a pasture ; *laggan*, a hollow. The pasture in the hollow.

LETH BHEINN—The half hill.

LINNE NAN DABHAICH—The pool of the tubs or vats. Before the bridge over the Garry was built, the dangerous experiment of crossing the river with a big tub was for some time carried on here ; later on a boat was got to take the place of the tub—hence the name.

MACRANALD'S ISLAND—“ Eilean Mhic Rhaonuill.”

Allan MacRanald of Lundie, the hero of the “ Red Jacket,” was a famous character in the glen about the beginning of the 17th century. A man of great activity, strength, and courage, and living at a time when the feuds between the MacKenzies and Macdonalds were at their height, we find him invariably leading every expedition which set out from Glengarry. Sir T. Lauder, in his “ Highland Rambles,” has

given us the chief event of MacRanald's life—the well-known raid of Killchriost. He tells us how, during these fighting days, young Angus of Glengarry, burning to distinguish himself, determined to lead a raid—though against the advice of his father and Allan—into the country of the MacKenzies; how these were surprised and defeated, and how on their way home by sea to Loch Hourn, the Macdonalds were in their turn attacked by the MacKenzies and defeated with great slaughter. Young Angus of Glengarry was among the slain, and Allan only saved his life by leaping into the sea and swimming ashore. Allan took the earliest opportunity to be revenged, and not long after these events led a strong party of Macdonalds to the lands of Killchriost near Beaully. He found the MacKenzies totally unprepared, burnt their lands, destroyed their crops, and finally “mercilessly” set fire to a church in which a large congregation was at worship, driving back at the point of the sword all who attempted to escape. Meantime, in order to drown the piteous cries of those within the building, he caused the piper to march round and round the burning church, and the

pibroch which he then played has ever since been known at Killchriost "the war-tune of the Macdonells." Allan, however, and his comrades had little time to enjoy their revenge ; the MacKenzies soon collected in overpowering numbers, and finding the Macdonells resting on a flat¹ near Mealfourvonie, now known as "Lon na fala"—the marsh of blood—attacked them with great fury, routed them, and pursued them as far as Loch Ness side. Allan was again one of the few who escaped, and that only by a desperate leap—first across a deep chasm in a burn, and then into the loch, where he was fortunately picked up and saved by Fraser of Foyers, who happened to be out fishing in a boat, and recognised the famous red jacket from afar. The leap across the ravine is still called after him, "Ceum Ailein Mhic Rhaonuill"—the leap of Allan MacRanald.

This is very briefly the account which Sir T. Lauder gives of the event ; but Mr. K. Macdonald, in a paper which he not long ago read to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, has discredited the story of the burning of the

¹ "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," by W. Mackay.

MacKenzies in the church. There no doubt was a raid, and as many as 27 cottages and houses were burnt, including the house of the minister of Killchriost with "his haille librarie of books," but none of the earlier writers mention "the merciless burning of the congregation," which fable appears to have been invented about the beginning of this century. The only specific "burning" which is mentioned is a "burning" by the MacKenzies of "a party of 36 of the Macdonalds in a change house at Torriebreck," during the pursuit which followed the raid. According to this account, Allan and his party were overtaken in Glenmoriston, and although they fought valiantly, they had at last to fly ; many of them were "killed in the rough burn, but Allan MacRanald, being half-naked as he fled, lapp just over it and made his escape of all the rest."

Whatever may be the true version of the Killchriost raid, it is certain that from that time onward Allan was a marked man by the MacKenzies. For some years he was in constant danger, and when attacked used to retreat to his island home in Loch Lundie, where he could hold his own until help came

from the glen below. This little island is one of the smallest on Loch Lundie, where his house or fort would naturally be built so as to be capable of defence by one or two men. It seems probable that the island itself was an artificial one, as it is composed of a loose pile of stones and is barely 60 feet in circumference, but though small it made an admirable "fast" place.

For some time Allan was able to defy his enemies; but they were resolved to capture him at all costs, and one fine morning the herds came running in to tell him that the MacKenzies were coming over the hill in great force, and were carrying a boat with them. The rock in Glenmoriston, where they crossed the river Moriston, is still called "Craig a choit"—the rock of the boat. Allan, however, had foreseen this emergency, and retired to a cave known only to himself, situated in a deep burn not far from his home. In vain the MacKenzies scoured the country, not a sign of him could they see, and at last were forced to retire to Kintail without fulfilling the object of their quest.

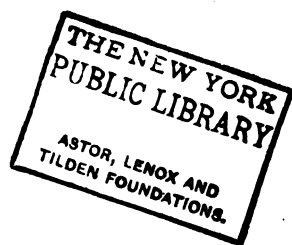
This cave is now known as "Uamh Ailein

Mhic Rhaonuill"—the cave of Allan MacRanald. It is said that Allan employed a mason "to improve and strengthen the cave," and that when the job was done he quietly put an end to his workman, fearing that his place of retreat might be revealed. Allan appears to have outlived his dangers, as we find in the Records of the Privy Council that Sir Lauchlan Mackintosh (who had been ordered to secure him), "so far from pursuing Allan MacRanald, has patched up all matters betwixt Allan and him and settled all their differences."

LEEK. *G.—Leac.* A flagstone. The Macdonells of Leek were another cadet family of Glengarry, who settled in Leek about the beginning of the 17th century.

LUNDIE—The origin of this name has always been a puzzle to topographers. Probably it is derived from "Lòn"—a marsh (*c.f.*, London)—the fort on the marsh. The MacRanalds of Lundie were a famous sept of the Macdonells of Glengarry; some of their descendants are still living in the glen.

MUNERIGIE—There are many possible derivations of this name, but none which appear correct.





SCHOOL AT GLENQUOICH, 1844.
(See page 105.)

MONADH SEANN-TALAIMH—"Monadh," the moor; "Seann Talaimh," of the old ground, *i.e.*, the land long unploughed. Generally applied to rough, rocky, and heathery ground.

NA PAITEACHEAN—The humps. Rounded heathery knolls.

PAIT NA GREINE — "Pait," the hump; "greine" (grian), of sun—the sunny hump; on the shores of Loch Loyne. There are two rowan trees here, about the only trees in the place, which have a history. Early in the present century there was a small school at Ardochy, and one of the scholars used daily to walk across the hill from Pait na greine and back; on one of his journeys he took two or three young rowan trees from Ardochy, and planted them alongside his father's house. When the last emigration took place, he went with the rest to Canada, and not long ago returned, an old and prosperous man, to visit his native glen. One of his first visits was to his trees at Pait na greine, which, to his great pleasure, had, like their planter, grown and prospered; the house has long since disappeared.

These schools fifty years ago were often served by itinerant schoolmasters. Shortly

after Mr. Ellice bought Glenquoich, two ladies, while walking one afternoon along the high road, were surprised to find a number of signs and marks in the sand by the roadside, and going on a little further they came to a bothy where the author of these mysterious figures, an itinerant schoolmaster, was busy with his pupils. The only pen in the house was a large eagle's feather, with which a small boy was hard at work, and, as there was no blackboard, the master had to do as best he could with the roadside sand for his arithmetic lesson.

RHUDHA GHOBHAINN—The promontory of the smith.

RUDHA CHALUIM—"Rudha," the promontory; "Chaluim" (Callum), of Malcolm—Malcolm's promontory, on the shore of Loch Oich. Here was the house of one Malcolm Macdonald, who emigrated to America in 1851. He worked at Invergarry as estate carpenter.

REIDH NAN LAIR—The mare's (Lar) flat.

REIDH RAINICH—The ferny flat.

✓ TOMANIARIE. *G.*—*Tom na h-àiridh.* The knoll of the sheiling.

TOM DOWN. *G.*—*Tom donn.* The brown knoll.

TQRR A' CHAIT—The hill of the cat.

UAMH AILEIN MHIC RHAONUILL—The cave
of Allan MacRanald. (*See* p. 103.)

THE GLENQUOICH DISTRICT.

“THAT so much happiness as is disclosed in these pages should have been enjoyed by those inhabiting this dreary glen, without a neighbour, or even the primitive resources of butcher, baker, grocer, or tailor; into which gas or other modern improvements have failed to penetrate, and for which George Stevenson, Professor Whetstone, and Rowland Hill have laboured in vain—a region where learning, science, and religion find no representatives in lawyer, physician, or clergyman, and which agriculture has abandoned to the dominion of the wild animals of the chase; that a community should be content and happy whilst thus deprived of the benefits of civilization is a lamentable instance of the triumph of barbarism.

“Should a desire be awakened for a better state of things, I beg to offer my services as agitator on the spot, for the reform of these

manifold grievances, at any time between the months of May and November.

“RICHARD COBDEN (1862).”

The above extract from the Glenquoich visitors' book gives a fair idea of the desolate condition of the glen in 1862, and it is more than probable that owing to its wet climate, and its inaccessibility, Glenquoich was never at any time very thickly populated; indeed, the only inducement to people in old days to visit the glen was the extraordinarily rich summer grazing. In early summer, from Glengarry, from Loch Hourn, and from Kintail, herds with their cattle and goats came trooping to the rich pastures of the hills; and in autumn, Glengarry and his deerstalkers found abundant sport among the famous red deer of Glenquoich.

The place-names of this district are not, however, of such general interest as those of Glengarry; lying at a distance from any great highway, there are few places of any historical importance, and the majority of names refer to the various local land features. In the few notes which follow an attempt is made to analyse those to which some anecdote is

attached, or those which from their prominence are more generally known to the inhabitants and visitors of the glen.

A' GHURR THIONAILL SRON—"Sron," the point; "a' ghurr thionail," of gathering. A high ridge in the north-west of Glenquoich. In old days, when Glenquoich was under sheep, the shepherds met at this point, whence they spread out over the hill to gather the sheep.

✓ ALLTBEA. *G.—Allt beithe.* The birch-tree burn.

✓ ALLTAVOTTICH. *G.—Allt a' bhodaich.* The burn of the old man. This burn is said to be haunted by a wicked old man, indeed, some say none other than the "old gentleman" himself.

✓ AITENNACH. *G.—Aitelach.* Abounding in junipers.

ALLT NIGHINN EÒGHAINN—The burn of Ewen's daughter. A small burn which runs into Loch Quoich a short distance west from Quoich Bridge. This girl was drowned while crossing the burn when in flood. Her father, Ewen, lived at Bunchaolie.

ALLT RUIGHE AN DUINE—The burn of the man's sheiling, a short distance from Alltbea,

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ARCHIE MACDONELL, Deer-stalker to "Glengarry."
From a drawing by Dennis Dighton.

on the southern slope of the Melhanderig. A man was found dead on this green, and his ghost is still said to haunt the spot.

One day, many years ago, the late Mr. Edward Ellice killed a stag near this place, and, as it was getting late, he left Archie Macdonell, the old deerstalker, and the gillie to drag the stag down the hill, while he himself hurried on to send back the man with the pony. Archie and the gillie very soon grew tired of waiting, went off home, and somehow or other missed Donald Macpherson and the pony. Donald, meanwhile, walked quietly on until he got to the green, where he saw a man, whom he supposed to be old Archie, walking up and down, and wringing his hands. He shouted to him, but got no answer; so, thinking that there must be something wrong, he left the pony, and, quaking with fear, began to walk towards the poor man. He had, in fact, every reason to be alarmed, for no sooner had Donald put his foot on the green than the ghost—for it was nothing else—vanished.

ALLT A' MHEIL—The burn of bleating.

AONACH AIR CHRITH—The steep of trembling

—the Shaky Pass. A precipitous pass about the centre of the Melhanderig, and so sheer is the slope on either side that, in places, a man can easily sit astride of the ridge.

BAC NA CEANNAICHE—The shoulder (ridge) of the pedlars. A knoll a short distance north of the Quoich Bridge, on which are two small gravestones, which mark the graves of two pedlars who were murdered in a bothy hard by. The bothy has long since disappeared, but the site is still pointed out.

BUNCHAOLIE—The base or mouth of the Caolie water, a small sluggish stream which flows from the watershed of the Loch Hourn road into Loch Quoich. "Caol" means slender, narrow.

COACHAN NAM MUIC—The pigs' streamlet, probably wild boar.

CNOC NA CABAIR—The knoll of the sticks, at the east end of Loch Quoich. A battle was fought between the Kintail men and the Camerons of Lochiel somewhere near the Kingie river. The Kintail men, on their way to the fight, halted here, and each man, as was the custom in those days, put his stick into the ground, so that on their return they should be

able to see how many were missing. (See also p. 18.)

CORRIE HOO. *G.*—*Coire h-uaigne* or *Coire shuigh*. The corrie of the grave or the corrie of moisture. Either derivation is appropriate enough; the rocks around are wild and desolate, and the corrie of the grave keeps up the sentiment of the Lake of Hell and the Burn of the Old Gentleman. (See pp. 110, 115.)

COIRE NA FEINNE—The Fingalians' corrie. (See p. 80.)

CORRIE SCORODALE. *G.*—*Coire Sgoir adhb-hail*. The corrie of the terrible precipices.

CHILDREN'S ISLAND, THE. *G.*—*Eilean na Cloinne*. Two boys were drowned in the Quoich River a short distance above this island, and were here buried. Later on, about the beginning of this century, the south country shepherds used the island as a burial-ground for their own children. Owing to the floods which frequently submerge the island, they soon gave up the practice, as it was found that the coffins were liable to be unearthed by the force of the stream, and, in some cases, carried down to the loch below. One of the

last children buried here was a son of Macphee of Quoich Island.

DRUIM NA H-ACHLAIS—The ridge of the armpit.

EILEAN MHIC PHEE—Macphee's island. (See p. 117.)

EILEAN NA CLOINNE—The children's island. (See above.)

EILEAN MHIC AN TOISICH—M'Intosh's island. This island, which, from its name and form, may possibly be handed down to posterity as a lake dwelling of remote antiquity, is in reality but a small "fast place," built by one M'Intosh, a "clacher," as a nesting-ground for the geese, swans, and ducks, which Mr. Ellice tried to introduce on Loch Quoich.

DERELOCHY. *G.*—*Doire lochain*. The grove of the little loch.

GLACHOOLEN. *G.*—*Glac a' chuilein*—The glade of the holly tree. Glengarry's "hunting hut" was here in old days.

GLEN QUOICH. *G.*—*Glen na cuaich*. The glen of the cup. The hills rise abruptly from the shores of the loch, and form an enormous "cuaich."

¹ GLEN COSY. *G.*—*Glen Cosach.* Abounding in hollows and recesses.

GLEOURACH. *G.*—*Gleadhraich.* Noisy, rattling. A high hill, lying at the back of Glenquoich Lodge, the summit of which is very steep and rocky.

GOWBRIDGE—The bridge over Allt na Gobhar—the burn of the goat—near Loch Poulary. Gobhar (pron. Gower) has been anglicised into Gow.

LOCH HOURN—Either Loch Iuthairn, The Loch of Hell; or Loch a' Chuirn, The Loch of the Cairn. The generally accepted meaning is the Loch of Hell. The pass from Glenquoich to Loch Hourn is a most notable one; the wild nature of the moor, the magnificent groups of rocks, and the dark and rugged hill-tops, all combine to form an ideal impression of

¹ "On July 20th, 1746, the 'prince' reached Corrie-na-Gall at the head of Loch Quoich. Young Glenalladale reported the enemy as marching up the opposite side of the hill. The party then climbed to the top of Druim Cosaidh and saw the enemy's camp quite close to them. On the 21st they passed the line of sentries in Glen Cosaidh early in the morning, and proceeded to Corrie Scorodale, where they spent the day in a bit of hollow ground covered with long heather and branches of young birch trees."—"Itinerary of Prince Ch. Ed. Stuart (Scott. Hist. Soc.)"

the Corrie of the Graves and the Lake of Hell. Landseer loved to come here and paint his rocks, still called after his name. It was among these hills that Sir R. Murchison and Sir A. Geikie, then a young man, traced the movements of the glaciers of bygone ages. Sir John Lubbock writes in no uncertain strain: "In Great Britain," he says, "I know no better illustration of ice action than is to be seen on the road leading from Glenquoich to Loch Hourn, one of the most striking examples of desolate and savage scenery in Scotland."

A famous international race was once run from Loch Hourn to Invergarry under the following circumstances:—Glengarry was one day at Loch Hourn, and drove home in four hours' time; on arriving at Invergarry House, he informed the family tutor of his quick drive, when the latter, a Mr. Green, an Englishman, at once undertook to do the distance as quick on foot. Glengarry bet him £20 he would not—and a day was named for the race. Later on, a Glengarry man, Somerled Macdonell, was backed against the tutor, and, not contented with this, Mr. M'Rae, commonly called "Glenquoich," wagered that he would



SIR R. MURCHISON and ARCHIBALD GEIKIE (SIR A. GEIKIE)
at Glenquoich.

From a sketch by Prosper Mérimée.

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get an "old wife" off his farm who would beat the pair of them.

On the appointed day, Peggy Fraser, wife of Angus Fraser, the tutor, and the Highlander, were all in their places, and at the words "one, two, three, and away," the two men started off up the brae; Peggy, however, not understanding what was meant, was left at the post, when a "Bi falbh, Pheigi!" "Be off, Peggy!" from her excited husband, sent her racing after the others. The Glengarry man took the lead from the first, but the steep ascent from Loch Hourn caused his nose to bleed, and he had to stop at a burn to wash, which allowed Mr. Green to get a long way ahead; however, Somerled remembered the saying that, "If a MacDonald shed blood at the commencement of an enterprise, he would be sure to succeed," and was soon off again after his opponent. In the end the Highlander won easily, doing the distance, about 27 miles, in three hours forty minutes. The tutor also won his wager, coming in about five minutes under the four hours; but poor Peggy had enough of it after the first 7 miles, and stopped at Glenquoich. A Gaelic song was, however, written in her honour by

Allan Dhu of Glen Loyne. On the arrival of the competitors at Invergarry House, Glengarry's wife stood at the front door ready to receive them and revive them with "bizzed porter," on meal.

LOCH POULARY. *G.—Loch Poll an Airidh.*

✓ The loch of the pool of the sheiling.

MACPHEE'S ISLAND. *G.—Eilean Mhic Phee.*

Macphee was a well-known character throughout Inverness-shire about 50 years ago. Enlisting into the army as a young man, he soon found the restraints of discipline irksome to his restless nature, and, after a short term of service, deserted, and returned to his native Glengarry, where he lived in concealment with his sister at Feddan. (*See* p. 42.) The regimental authorities, however, hearing of his hiding-place, sent a sergeant with a *posse* of soldiers to arrest him, and these, coming to Feddan unawares, captured him without much difficulty, and marched him off to the steamer at Corpach. Just as the steamer was starting, Ewen suddenly bent down, and, snapping his handcuffs against an iron bar which lay on the deck, leapt ashore. The steamer was off, and so was Ewen, and bounding over the heath, he was soon out

of reach, unharmed by the few bullets which the soldiers sent after him. For two years he wandered about the woods which line the shores of Loch Arkaig, when, finding that he was no longer pursued, he made up his mind to build himself a bothy on the island in Loch Quoich, which now bears his name. His bothy built, he must needs have a wife; so one fine morning he stepped across the hill to Glen Dulochan, where he had previously made the acquaintance of a girl, and, without much more courting, popped her on his back, and returned to his island, where they were duly married.

When Mr. Ellice first came to Glenquoich he found Macphee in possession of his island. He was looked up to by all the poor people of the glen as a "seer"; cows that were ill were brought to him to be cured, and he was also a noted weaver of charms. Mr. Ellice's first interview with Ewen was characteristic of the man. The former and a friend were sitting one night after dinner at Glenquoich Lodge, then quite a small house, "a but and a ben," drinking their whisky-toddy, when in walked Macphee, attired, as usual, in full Highland dress. Mr. Ellice, in the course of conversation, asked him by what

right he lived on the island ; for answer, Ewen drew his dirk and, plunging it into the table, said : “ By this right I have kept it, and by this right I will hold it.”

Macphee lived for many years on the island, and was a great favourite with Mr. Ellice, in spite of his notoriously wild character. Many are the anecdotes told in Glenquoich of his escapes from the sheriff's officers ; but as time went on his sheep-stealing propensities grew on him, and at last the neighbouring shepherds, alarmed at the losses in their flocks, determined to try and bring the thefts home to him. They had not long to wait ; one snowy morning they found the tracks of a man and some sheep which led down from the hill to the lochside just opposite his house. The sheriff was informed, and two officers were sent to his house ; these rowed over from Glenquoich to the island. Ewen, of course, was away on the hill ; not so his wife, who without much ado commenced to fire on the officers as soon as they approached the island ; these, being quite unprepared for this style of reception, found in discretion the better part of valour, and retired to Inverness. Then, next week, however, they returned in

force and this time well-armed. Ewen Macphee was caught and taken to prison, where he eventually died ; and on searching the place, bales upon bales of tallow and skins were found hidden in the loch under the banks of the island.

MACGREGOR'S TREE, THE.—This stump of an old rowan tree, which lies hidden and rotting away under a small yew tree in the flower-garden at Glenquoich Lodge, marks the site of the grave of two Macgregors.

The story of their death is as follows :—

Two south-country drovers many years ago came one afternoon to Caillich, on the shores of Loch Arkaig, wishing to find their way to Loch Hourn Head. They appeared to have plenty of money, and were quite ready to pay for a guide. The people of Caillich were in those days mostly Macphees and Macmillans—the former, to say the least of it, a very rough lot of men. Seeing their chance of some “spoil,” they greedily assented to guide the unfortunate drovers, and one of their number was told off to conduct them over the hill ; but instead of taking them the shortest way, he was instructed to lead them right round the foot of Sgurr Gairoch (Ben Garry), a high hill

on the south side of Loch Quoich, while his confederates cut across by the direct road, and lay in ambush behind a big rock on a green at the edge of Loch Quoich, still known as Ruigh Griogaraich — the Macgregor's green. The drovers, soon after starting, were annoyed to find that their guide had a gun, whilst they themselves were unarmed, and so to assure their safety, they wetted the powder in the pan; but this precaution did not avail them much, for when they arrived at the green, they were both mercilessly shot by the men who lay in ambush. Their bodies were stripped of whatever was of any value, and then thrown into the loch; but what was the disgust of the murderers, on opening the money-bags, to find, not the gold they had anticipated, but a few pieces of silver and copper, and a great many pieces of paper with pictures on them. These would do for nothing but lighting pipes, so putting a few into their tobacco mulls, they hid the remainder under a stone in Coire Mhic Eaghain Oig—young M'Ewen's corrie.

Shortly after this there was a funeral in Clunes, on Loch Lochy side, and when the pipes were lighted, one of the above pieces

of paper was duly passed round till it got to one Mr. Cameron of Clunes. "Where did you get these pretty pieces of paper from?" said he. "I should like fine to buy some." "Oh, for the matter of that," replied the other, "I can show you where to get plenty of them." The bargain was soon struck, and Mr. Cameron secured the remaining Scotch pound notes, for they were nothing else, for a mere trifle.

To return to Loch Quoich, the bodies floated down the loch, and came ashore at a point close to where the flower-garden now stands. They were buried by the people of the glen, and two rowan trees were planted on their graves. These rowans were both growing in 1850; but one of them was, much to the annoyance of the late Mr. Ellice, accidentally cut down by a man who was working in the gardens, and the other has in like manner succumbed. There is nothing left now but an old rotten stump.

MELHANDERIG. *G.—Maol cheann dearg.* The bald red head. This long bare ridge, ✓ which forms the northern boundary of Glen quoich, is one of the steepest ridges on the property, and its length may be reckoned by an old Gaelic saying which praises her "as the

mother of thirty large corries and sixty small ones."

RUIGH NA SAIC—The green of the sack, near the head of Wester Glenquoich. Smugglers, when carrying whisky from Kintail to Loch Hourn or Glenquoich, used to rest their horses and ease them of their burdens ("Sachcan") on this green.

SGURR A' CHLAIDHEAMH—The rock of the sword. The origin of this name has unfortunately been lost.

SPIDAN MIALACH—Probably "Nialach"—derived from "Neul," a cloud. The cloudy point.

SCOOR A VOROR. *G.*—*Sgurr a Mhoroch*. The rock of the sea-pink. The sea-pink or sea-thrift (*Armeria Maritima*) grows all over this rock.

TEANGA MHIC AN ABA—M'Nab's tongue of land.

UAMH GARRIDH—The cave of Garry. (See p. 38.)

THE END.

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